

du768 of 10

BOLD STROKE
FOR A
HUSBAND
A
COMEDY.

WRITTEN BY THE
Ingenious Mrs. COWLEY:

AUTHORLESS OF THE
RUN-AWAY, BELLES-STRATAGEM,
AND
WHICH IS THE MAN.

AND
Performed forty Nights last Season at the THEATRE-ROYAL,
COVENT-GARDEN.

D U B L I N,
PRINTED, AND SOLD BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS.

1768

BOLD STROKE

H. U. A. N. D.



G. O. M. E. D. Y.

WRITTEN BY THE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. C. W. L. E. Y.

A. V. E. N. U. E. OF THE

REMAWAY, BELLES-STRATAGEM.

AND

WHICH IS THE MAIN

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PRINTED, AND SOLD BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS

W. L. G. & CO. 10, N. B. ST. 1840

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Do

1840
29

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

M E N.

Don Julio,	-	Mr. DALY.
Don Carlos,	-	Mr. CLINCH.
Garcia,	-	Mr. PALMER.
Vincentio,	-	Mr. G. DAWSON.
Gaspar,	-	Mr. O'RILEY.
Pedro,	-	Mr. MURPHY.
Sancho,	-	Mr. ———
Vasquez,	-	Mr. KANE.
Cesar,	-	Mr. RYDER.

W O M E N.

Olivia,	-	Mrs. DALY.
Victoria,	-	Mrs. CORNELYS.
Minette,	-	Mrs. HITCHCOCK.
Laura,	-	Mrs. TAFLIN.
Marcella,	-	Mrs. O'RILEY.
Inis,	-	Mrs. GEMEA.

D U B L I N.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

200

Mr. Davis.
Mr. Cannon.
Mr. Palmer.
Mr. G. Dawson.
Mr. G. Davis.
Mr. Murray.
Mr. Kane.
Mr. Ross.

Don Juan,
Don Carlos,
Don Juan,
Don Carlos,
Don Juan,
Don Carlos,
Don Juan,
Don Carlos,
Don Juan,
Don Carlos,

M E L O W

Mr. Dyer.
Mr. Corns.
Mr. Hitchcock.
Mr. Tappan.
Mr. O'Brien.
Mr. General.

[illegible]

U. S. N. I. D. I.

BOLD STROKE

HUSBAND.

A C T I

S C E N E I

A STREET in MADRID.

Enter Sancha.

Sancha. **H**IST, Pedro, Pedro.

(Calling from within.)

Enter Pedro, from the door.

Sancha. There he is; dost see him just turning St. Anthony's corner.—Now do you tell him your mistress is not at home; and if his jealous Donship should insist upon searching the house, as he did yesterday, say that somebody is ill, the black has got a fever, or—

Pedro. Pho, pho, get you in; don't I know that the first duty of a lacquay in Madrid, is to lye with a good grace. I have been studying now for a whole week, and I'll defy Don or devil to surprize me with a truth. Get you in, I say, where he comes.—

Enter Carlos.

Pedro. *(Going up to him.)* Donna Laura is not at home.

Carlos. Not at home. What hast thou received for telling that lye?

A BOLD STROKE

Pedro. Lye, lye, Signior.

Carlos. It must be a lye, by your promptness in delivering it; what a fool does your mistress trust: A clever fellow would have waited my approach, and delivering the message with coolness, deceived me; thou hast been on the watch, and runst towards me with a face of stupid importance bawling, that she may hear thro' the lattice how well thou obey'st her—Donna Laura is not at home, sir.

Pedro. Hear thro' the lattice! by your Lady, she must have long ears, to reach from the grotto to the street.

Carlos. (Seizing him.)

Pedro. Hah!

Carlos. Now, sir, your ears shall be longer, if you do not tell me, who is with her in the grotto. (Shaking him.)

Pedro. In the grotto, sir!—Did I say any thing about the grotto, sir?—I only meant that—

Carlos. Fool! dost thou trifle with me? Who is with her.

(Pinching him.)

Pedro. Oh! why nobody, sir, only the pretty young gentleman's valet, waiting for an answer to a letter he brought.—There I have saved my ears, at the expence of my place.—I have wore this fine coat but a week, and I shall be sent back to Valentia for not being able to lye, tho' I have been learning the art six days and nights.

Carlos. Well, come this way. If thou wilt promise to be faithful to me, I will not betray thee, nor at present enter the house.

Pedro. Oh, sir, blessings on you.

Carlos. How often does this pretty young gentleman visit her?

Pedro. Every day, sir; if he misses, shadams's stark wild.

Carlos. Where does he live?

Pedro. Truly I know not, sir.

Carlos. How!

(Threatning.)

Pedro. By the honesty of my mother, I cannot tell, sir.—She calls him Florio; that's his christian name; his other name, I never heard!

Carlos. You must acquaint me when they are next together.

Pedro. Lead, sir, if there should be any blood spilt.

Carlos. Promise, or I'll lead thee by the ear to the grotto.

Pedro. I promise! I promise.

Carlos. There—(Gives him money.) there, take that, and if thou art faithful, I'll double it. Now go in, and be a good lad; and if you hear you may tell lyes to every body else, but remember, you must always speak truth to me.

Pedro. I will, I will.

Carlos. 'Tis well my passion is extinguished, for I can now act with coolness; I'll wait patiently for the hour of their security, and take them in the soft moments of their loves; but if ever I trust woman more, may every

Enter Julio, following two women veil'd.

Julia. Fye, ladies, keep your curtains drawn so late; the sun is up—'Tis time to look abroad. (*Tries to move their veils.*) Nay, if you are determin'd on night, and silence, I take my leave; a woman without prattle, is like burgundy without spirit—bright eyes to touch me must belong to sweet tongues. (*Going.*)

Carlos. Sure 'tis Julio—hey.

Julio. Carlos! yes, by all the sober gods of matrimony. Why what business, good man gravity, canst thou have in Madrid? I understand you are married quietly in your own pastures, father of a family, and instructive companion of country vine-dressers—ha, ha, ha!

Carlos. 'Tis false, by heaven! I have foresworn the country, left my family, and ran away from my wife.

Julio. Really, then matrimony has not totally destroyed thy free will.

Carlos. 'Tis with difficulty I have preserv'd it tho'; for women, thou know'st, are most unreasonable beings. As soon as I had exhausted my stock of love-tales—which with management, satisfied beyond the honey-moon, madam grew sullen, I found home dull, and amus'd myself with the pretty peashoot of the neighbourhood! Worse and worse: we had nothing now but faintings, tears, and hysterics, for twenty-four hours. So one morning, in her sleep, I gave her a fearful kick; comfort her, when she shou'd wake.—I spent my nights where, if it was not for the remembrance of the clog on my heels, I should have bounded o'er the mountains of pleasure, with more spirit than a young Arabian on his mountains.

Julio. Do you find this clog, an hindrance in the affairs of gallantry?

Carlos. Not much in that house there—But damn her! she's perfidious. In that house is a woman of beauty, with reason, no character, and fondness, who devoted herself to my passion.

Julio. If she's perfidious give her to the winds—

Carlos. Ah! but there's the rub, Julio—I have become fast, a woman's fool—a slave of intercession; she's ruin'd me, or rather cheated me, out of a settlement.

A BOLD STROKE

Julio. Pho, is that ————
Carlos. Ah, but you do not know its nature. A settlement of lands, that both honor and gratitude ought to have preserved from such base alienation: in short, if I cannot recover them, I am a ruined man.

Julio. Hey! this seems a worse clog than t'other. Poor Carlos! so be-wild'ed; and so ————

Carlos. Prithce have compassion.

Enter Servant, with a letter to Julio. He reads, and nods to the Servant, who exits.

Carlos. An appointment, I'll be sworn, by that air of mystery and satisfaction. Come, communicate — communicate, and be friendly.

Julio. You are married, Carlos, that's all I have to say — you are married.

Carlos. Pho, that's past long ago, and ought to be forgotten: — But if a man does a foolish thing once, he'll hear of it all his life after.

Julio. Ay, the time has been, when thou might'st have been trusted with such a dear secret — when I might have open'd the billet, and feast'd you with the sweet meandering strokes at the bottom, which form her name, when ————

Carlos. What, is from a woman then?

Julio. Yes, a woman ————

Carlos. Handsome?

Julio. Not absolutely handsome; but she'll pass with one, who has not had his taste spoil'd by matrimony.

Carlos. Malicious dog! (*Aside.*) Is she young?

Julio. Under twenty — fair complexion — azure eyes — red lips — teeth of pearl — polished neck, finely turned — shape graceful.

Carlos. Hold, Julio — If thou lov'st, is it possible she can be so bewitching a creature?

Julio. 'Tis possible. Tho', to deal plainly, I never saw her but, I love my own pleasure so well, that I could fancy all that, and ten times more!

Carlos. What rank does she inhabit?

Julio. I know not; but my orders are to be in waiting at seven at the Prado.

Carlos. At the Prado? Dign! can't you take me along with you? For tho' I have foresworn the sex myself, I had have done with them forever, yet I may be of use to you.

Julio.

Julio. Faith, I can't see that.—However as you are a poor woe-begone married mortal, I'll have compassion, and suffer thee to come.

Carlos. Then I'm a man again! wife ayunt—mistress fare-well! at seven you say?

Julio. Exactly.

Carlos. I'll meet thee at Phillippi.

[Exeunt separately.]

SCENE II.

A spacious Garden, belonging to Don Cesar.

Enter Minette, and Inis.

Minette. There, will that do?—My lady sent me to make her up a nosegay: these orange flowers are delicious, and this rose how delightful!

Inis. Pho', what signifies wearing sweets in her bosom, unless they would sweeten her manners. Amazing you can be so much at your ease. One would think your lady's tongue, and her morning scolds, an agreeable fernade.

Minette. So they are; custom, you know—I have been us'd to her music now these two years, and I don't believe I could relish my breakfast without it.

Inis. I could rather never break my fast, than do it on such terms; what a difference between your mistress and mine. Donna Victoria is as much too gentle, as her cousin is too harsh.

Minette. Ay, and you see what she gets by it. Had she been more spirited, perhaps her husband would not have forsaken her. Men, enlisted under the matrimonial banner, like those under the king's, would be often tempted to run away from their colours, if fear of punishment did not keep them in fear of desertion.

Inis. If making a husband afraid is the way to keep him faithful, I believe your lady will be the happiest wife in Spain.

Minette. Ha, ha, ha! how people may be deceived! but time will discover all things.

Inis. What, is there a secret in the business, Minette? If there is, hang time, let us have it now.

Minette. If I dar'd tell you, lud, lud, I would surprise you.

Inis. Don't go.

Minette. I must go, I'm on the very brink of betraying my mistress. I—I—must leave you; yet mercy upon me, it rises like new bread.

Inis.

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Inis. I hope it will choke you, if you stir till I know all.

Minette. Will you be truffy?

Inis. I will.

Minette. Will you never breath a syllable?

Inis. Never.

Minette. Will you try to forget it, the moment you have heard it?

Inis. I'll swear to myself, forty times a day, to forget.

Minette. So now, in one word, here it goes.—Tho' every body supposes my lady an arrant scold, she's no more a—

Cezar (within.) Out upon it, eh, eh.

Minette. Oh, St. Jerome, here is her father, and his privy counsellor, Gasper; I can never communicate a secret in quiet.—Come, let's to my chamber, for now my hands in, you shall have the whole; I would not keep it another day to be confidante to an Infanta.

(Exeunt.)

Enter Don Cezar and Gasper.

Gasper. Take comfort, fir; take comfort, fir.

Cezar. Take it I—why, where the devil shall I find it? You may as well say, take physick, fir, or take poison; they are to be had, but what signifies bidding me take comfort, when I can neither beg it, buy it, nor steal it.

Gasper. But patience will bring it, fir.

Cezar. 'Tis false, firrah; patience is a cheat, and the man that talk'd her with the cardinal virtues was a fool. I have had patience on bed and board, these three long years, but the comfort she promis'd has never call'd in with a civil how-do-ye?

Gasper. O, but you know, fir, the poet says, that the twin-sister and companion of comfort, is good humour.—Now if you would but drop that agreeable oddity which is so conspicuous—

Cezar. Then let my daughter drop her perverse humour, 'tis a more certain bane to marriage than ugliness or folly, and will send me to my grave at last, without male heir. (Crying.) I don't say have his siege to her; but that humour of hers, like the works of Gibraltar, no Spaniard can find pregnable.

Gasper. Not why? Suppose you try her with the Frenchmen, fir? a Monsieur won't mind a few hard words; he'll smile at them, as tho' they were spent bullets.

Cezar. It would be all one, if she was to have a lover sent her by every belligerent power in Europe. How the devil does she contrive to get rid of 'em? All I have ever been able to tack out is, that, tho' she is in general a vinen, yet, when she

behaves

bel'aves with good humour, 'tis the same thing; they all grow dissatisfied, like mercenaries, when their subsidy is stopp'd.

Gasper. Ay well, Troy held out but ten years. Let her once tell over her beads unmarried, at five and twenty, and my life upon't she ends the rosary, with a hearty prayer for a good husband.

Cesar. What, do you expect me to wait till the horrors of old maidenism frighten her into civility? No, no; I'll shut her up in a convent, marry myself, and have heirs in spite of her. There's my neighbours daughter, she is but nineteen—

Gasper. The very step I was going to recommend, sir; it would be one of the pleasantest things in the world. Madam would throw new life into the family; and when you are above stairs in the gout, sir, the music of her concerts, and the spirit of her conversations, would reach your sick bed, and be a thousand times more comforting than flannels, and panada.

Cesar. Come, come, I understand you; but this daughter of mine, I shall give her but two chances more. Don Garcia will be with me early to-morrow, and if she plays over the old game, I'll marry to-morrow morning, if I hang myself the next.

Gasper. Why, you decide right, Signior: at sixty-three, the marriage noose, and the hempen noose, shou'd always go together.

Cesar. Why, you dog you, do you suppose—There's Don Garica, there he is, coming thro' the portico; run to my daughter, and bid her remember what I said to her. *(Exit Gasper.)* She has had her lesson, but another moment may not be amiss; a young slut, pretty, and witty, and rich, is a match for a prince; and yet—hush!—not a word to my young man; if I can but keep him in ignorance till he is married, he must make the best of his bargain, as many other honest men have done before him. *(Enter Don Garcia.)* Welcome, Don Garcia; you are rather before your time.

Garcia. Gallantry forbid that I shou'd not, when a fair lady is concern'd: Donna Olivia!

Cesar. When you made your overtures, Signior, I understood it was from inclination to be allied to my family, not from any particular passion to my daughter. Have you ever seen her?

Garcia. But once, and that transiently, yet sufficiently to convince me, she is charming.

Cesar. Why, yes, tho' I say it, there are few prettier women in Madrid, and she has got enemies amongst her own sex, accordingly: they pretend to say—that I say, sir, they have reported, that she is not bless'd with that kind of politeness

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and gentleness that a—now, tho' she may not be so very placid and inspiring, as some young women, yet upon the whole—
Garcia. Oh, sir, not a word; a beauty cannot be ill tempered. Gracified vanity keeps her in good humour with herself, and every body about her.

Cesar. Yes, as you say, vanity is a prodigious sweetener; and *Olivia*, considering how much she has been humoured;—

Enter Minette.

Minette. Oh, sir, shield me from my mistress! she is in one of her old tempers; the whole house is in an uproar, and I cannot support it.

Cesar. Hush!

Minette. No, no, sir, I can't hush; a saint could not bear it. I am tired of her tyranny, and must quit her service.

Cesar. Then quit at this moment. Go to my steward, and receive your wages, go—be gone (*to Garcia*). 'tis a cousin of my daughter's she is speaking of.

Minette. A cousin, sir! no, 'tis Donna Olivia, your daughter, my mistress. (*To Garcia*). Oh, sir! you seem to be a tender hearted, young gentleman; 'twou'd move you to pity it.—

Cesar. I'll move you, hussy, to some purpose, if you don't off.

Garcia. I'm really confounded; can the charming Olivia—

Cesar. Spite, sir—mere malice.—My daughter has refus'd her some salt off gown, or some—

Olivia (*substant*). Where is she? where's Minette?

Cesar. Oh! 'tis all over; the tempest is coming.

Enter Olivia.

Olivia. Oh, you vile creature, to speak to me! to answer me; am I made to be answer'd?

Cesar. Daughter! daughter!
Olivia. Because I threw my work bag at her head, she had the insolence to complain, and on my repeating it, said she would not bear it. Are servants to chuse what they shall bear?

Minette. When you are married, madam, I hope your husband will bear your humours, less patiently than I have done.

Olivia. My husband! Dost think my husband shall contradict my will? oh, I long to set a pattern to those milky wives, whose mean complaisance degrades the sex.

Garcia. Oh, fortune, fortune!

Olivia. The only husband on record, who knew how to treat

a wife.

a wife, was Socrates; and his lady was a Grecian. I have some reason to believe her descendants married into our family; and never shall any tame submission of mine disgrace my ancestry.

Garcia. Heavens! Don Cezar, why have you never curbed this intemperate spirit?

Olivia (*starting*). Curb'd, sir! Talk thus to your groom. Curb and bridle for a woman's tongue!

Garcia. Not for you lady, 'tis too late, but had the torrent, now so over-bearing, been taken at the springing, it might have been stem'd, and turn'd into gentle streams at the master's pleasure.

Olivia. A mistake, friend: my spirits at their springing, were too powerful for any master.

Garcia (*smiling*). Indeed you'll meet with Petruccio's gentle Catharine.

Olivia. But no gentle Catharine will he find me, believe in—Catharine! she hadn't the spirit of a roasted chestnut—a few big words, a smart oath, and a scanty dinner, made her as submissive as a spaniel. My fire, will not be so soon extinguish'd. It shall resist big words, oaths, and starving.

Minette. I believe so indeed. Lord help the poor gentleman, to whose fate you fall.

Garcia. Don Cezar, adieu!—My consideration for your fate, suppresses the resentment I should otherwise feel at your endeavours to deceive me into a marriage.

Olivia. Marriage! oh, mercy! is this Don Garcia?

Cezar. Yes, termagant.

Olivia. Oh, what a misfortune! Why did you not tell me, it was the gentleman you design'd to marry me to? Oh, all that is past was mere sport, a contrivance, between my maid and me: I have no spirit at all. I am as patient as poverty.

Minette. What the deuce, is she going to desert herself?

Garcia. The mask sits too ill upon your features, fair lady, to deceive me. I have seen you without disguise, and rejoice at your ignorance of my name; since, but for that, my peaceful home might have become the seat of perpetual discord.

Minette. Ay, sir; and you wou'd never have known, what a quiet house was.

Olivia (*strikes Minette*). Impertinence, indeed! Sir, I can be as gentle, and forbearing as a par-lamb.

Garcia. I cannot think, madam, the proofs of your placidity very striking. But adieu.—That I shall pray for your conversion, yet, rather than have the honor of it, I should turn Dominican, and condemn myself to perpetual celibacy.

Exit Garcia.

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Cezar. Now huffey, now huffey, what do you expect?
Olivia. Dear sir, how can you be so unreasonable? Did ever daughter do more to oblige a father? I absolutely begg'd the man to have me.

Cezar. Yes, when, after you made the man detest you. What, I suppose he didn't suit your fancy, madam; tho' there is not in all Spain, a man of prettier conversation.

Olivia. Yes, he has a pretty kind of conversation; 'tis like a parenthesis.

Cezar. Like a parenthesis. *(Sneeringly.)*

Olivia. Yes, for it might all be left out, and never miss'd. However, I thought him a modest kind of a well meaning man, and that he'd make a pretty sort of a husband; for, notwithstanding his blushing, had I been his wife, in three months I shou'd have been as humble and compliant as—

Cezar. Ay, there it is—there it is now. That spirit of yours, huffey, you can neither conquer, nor conceal; but I'll find a way to tame it, be assured, madam. *[Exit Cezar.]*

(Minette and Olivia laughing.) *Minette.* Well, madam, I give you joy. Had other ladies as much success in getting lovers, as you have in getting rid of yours, what contented faces we should see!

Olivia. But to what purpose do I get rid of them, whilst they rise upon me in succession, like monthly pinks? Was any thing ever so provoking—after some quiet, and believing men had ceas'd to trouble themselves about me, no less than two proposals have been made to my unreasonable father this very day! What will become of me?

Minette. Why, what shou'd become of you? You'll chuse one from the pair, I hope? Believe me, madam, the only way to get rid of the importunances of lovers, is to take one, and make him a scare-crow to the rest.

Olivia. Alas, I cannot! Invention will assist me one day.

Minette. Upon my word, madam, invention owes you nothing; and I am afraid you can draw on the Bank no longer: you must trust to your established character, of wiser.

Olivia. But that won't frighten them all, tho' it did its business with Don Garcia.

Minette. Yes; but you were still harder push'd by the Catalian Count, and his engraid genealogy from Noah.

Olivia. He would have kept his post as immoveably as the golden steeple, had I not very seriously imparted to him, that my mother's great-uncle sold oranges in Aragon—ha, ha!

Minette. And pray, if I may be so bold, who is the next gentleman?

Olivia, Don Vincentio ; who distracts every body with his skill in music. He ought to be married to a viol-dagabó.

Minette. Well, if some one did but know, how happy would some one be, that for his sake——

Olivia. Now don't be impertinent, *Minette*. You have several times endeavour'd to slide yourself into my secrets, which I am resolv'd to keep to myself. Continue faithful, and suppress your curiosity. [Exit *Olivia*.]

Minette. Suppress my curiosity, madam? Why, I'm a chambermaid, 'tis true ; and a sorry one shou'd be, if I shou'd seem to be in your confidence two years, and never get the master-secret yet.—There must be a man in the case ; but he may as well be in Georgia—for any intelligence I can get. Yet I wonder she has the confidence to use me so ungratefully.—I never was six weeks in a family before, but I knew every secret they had in it for three generations.—Aye, I'll know this too, or I'll blow up all her plans, and declare to the world, that she is no more a *cozen* than other fine ladies ; they have most of 'em a touch on't. [Exit.]

End of the First Act.

A C T II.

S C E N E, DONNA LAURA'S Apartment.

Enter *Laura*, followed by *Carlos*.

Carlos. **N**AY, madam, you may as well stop here, for I'll follow you thro' every apartment, but I will be heard. (Singing her lullaby.)

Laura. This insolence is not to be endur'd—Within my own walls to be thus——

Carlos. The time has been, when within your walls, I might be master.

Laura. Yes, you were then master of my heart ; that gave you a right, which——

Carlos. You have now transferr'd to another.

Laura. Well, sir!

Carlos. Well, sir—unblushing acknowledgement ! falls from woman's lips.

Laura. Because I have luckily got the heart of you, in a few weeks ; I shou'd have been the accuser, and you the false and subtle——

Carlos.

Carlos. And to secure yourself from that disgrace, you prudently look'd out for another lover.

Laura. I can pardon your saecr ! because you are mortified.

Carlos. Mortified !

Laura. Yes, mortified to the soul.—*Carlos.* I know your sex—the vainest female in the house of her exaltation and power, is still outdone by man in vanity.—'Tis more your ruling passion, than 'tis ours : and 'tis wounded vanity, that makes you thus terrible with rage at being deserted.

Carlos. Madam, madam (Stamping.)

Laura. This rage wou'd have been all cool insolence, had I waited for your change.—The crime which now appears so black in me :—Then, whilst with all my sexes weakness I had knelt at your feet, and reproach'd you only with my tears, how compar'd wou'd have been thy feelings ? Scarcely wou'd you have deign'd to form a phrase of pity for me !—perhaps had but me forget a man no longer worthy of my attachment, and recommended me to—hartshorn and my woman.

Carlos. Has any hour since I have first known you, given you cause for such injustice ?

Laura. Yes, every hour.—Now *Carlos.* I bring you to the test !—You saw me, you lik'd me, you lov'd—was there no fond trusting woman—whom you deserted to indulge the transient passion ? yes, one blest with beauty, gentleness, and youth—one, who more than her own being lov'd thee, who made thee rich, and whom thou, mayd'st thy wife.

Carlos. My wife !—here's a turn ! so to revenge the quarrels of my wife.—

Laura. No, do not mistake me : what I have done, was merely to indulge myself, without more regard to your feelings, than you had to hers.

Carlos. And you dare avow to my face, that you have a passion for another ?

Laura. I do, for I am above disguise.—I confess, so tender is my love for Florio it has scarcely left a trace of that, I once vow'd for *Carlos.*

Carlos. Well, madam, if I hear this without some sudden vengeance on the tongue that speaks it, thank the annihilation of that passion, whose remembrance is as dead in my bosom, as in yours.—Let us, however, part friends, and with a mutual acquittal of every obligation.—Give me up the settlement of this estate, which left me almost a beggar.

Laura. Give it up—ha, ha ! No *Carlos.* you consign'd me—what as proof of love ! do not imagine then, I'll give you back

back the only part of your connection, of which I am not ashamed.

Carlos. Bafe woman! you knew I was not a voluntary gift, after having in vain practis'd on my fondness, whilst in a state of infatuation. — You prevail'd on me to sign the deed, which you had artfully prepar'd for the purpose; therefore you must restore it.

Laura. Never, never.

Carlos. Ruin is in the word! call it back, or I'll be revenged on thee in thy hearts dearest object, thy minion, Florio! he shall not riot in my fortune.

Laura. Ha, ha, ha! Florio's safe — your lands are sold; and in another country we shall enjoy the blessings of thy fond passion.

Carlos. My vengeance shall follow her. *(Following.)* No, he shall be the first victim, or 'twill be — incomplete — reduc'd to poverty! I cannot live. Oh! folly! where are now all the gilded prospects of my youth? I Had — but 'tis too late to look back; remorse attends the past, and ruin waits me in the future.

S C E N E

Don Cesar's House.

Enter Olivia, meeting Victoria.

Olivia. Smiling, I protest! my dear gloomy cousin, where have you purchas'd that sunshiny look?

Victoria. 'Tis but April sunshine, I fear. — But who could resist such a temptation to smile? A letter from Donna Laura, my husband's mistress, killing me her dearest Florio, her life, her soul, and complaining of twelve hours absence, as the bitterest misfortune.

Olivia. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent — Pray, let us see you in your feather and doublet, as a cavaliera; it seems you are formidable. — So suddenly to rob your husband of his charmer's heart! you must have us'd some witchery.

Victoria. Yes, powerful witchery. — the knowledge of my sex. — Oh, did the men but know us, as well as we do ourselves! But, thank fate, they do not: — 'twon'd be dangerous.

Olivia. What, I suppose you prais'd her understanding? was captivated by her wit, and absolutely struck dumb with the amazing beauties of her mind.

Victoria. Oh, no — that's the mode prescrib'd by the essayists on the female heart — ha, ha, ha! nothing on earth so stupid?

The most sensible woman breathing, wou'd be more pleas'd with a compliment to the tip of her ear—or the turn of her ankle—than with a volume of praise of her intellects.

Olivia. So flattery, then, is your boasted pill?

Victoria. No; that's only the occasional gilding—but 'tis in vain to attempt a description of what chang'd its nature with every moment. I was now attentive, now gay, then tender, then careless.—I strove rather to convince her I was charming, than that I myself was charm'd; and when I saw love's arrow quivering in the breast—instead of falling at her feet—sung a triumphant air, and remember'd a sudden engagement.

Olivia. Wou'd you have done so, had you been a man?

Victoria. Assuredly, knowing what I now do as a woman.

Olivia. But can all this be worth while, merely to rival a fickle husband with one woman, whilst he is setting his feather, perhaps, at half a score others?

Victoria. To rival him, was not my first motive. The Portuguese robb'd me of his heart. I concluded, she had fascinations which nature had denied me:—It was impossible to visit her as a woman:—I therefore, assum'd the cavalier to study her, that I might, if possible, be to my Carlos, all he found in her.—In this adventure, I learn'd more than I expected:—My—oh, cruel! my husband has given this woman an estate—almost all that his dissipation had left us.

Olivia. Indeed!

Victoria. To make it still more culpable, it was my estate; it was that fortune, which my lavish love had made his, without securing it to my children.

Olivia. How cou'd you be so improvident?

Victoria. Alas, I trusted him with my heart; my happiness, without restriction! Shou'd I have shewn a greater solicitude for any thing, than for these?

Olivia. The event proves, that you shou'd.—But how can you be thus passive, in your sorrow? Since I had assum'd the man, I'd make him feel a man's resentment for such injuries.

Victoria. Oh, Olivia! what resentment can I shew to him, whom I have vow'd to honor, and whom both my duty and my heart, compel me yet to love.

Olivia. Why really, now I think—positively there's no thinking about it. 'Tis among the arcana of the married life, I suppose?

Victoria. You, who know me, can judge how I suffer'd in prosecuting my plan: I have throw'd off the delicacy of my sex; I have worn the mask of love, to the destroyer of my peace: but the object is too great to be abandon'd; nothing less than to

have

save my husband from ruin, and restore him again a lover to my faithful bosom.

Olivia. Well, I confess, *Victoria*, I barely know whether most to blame, or praise. But with the rest of the world, I suppose your success will determine me.

Enter Gasper.

Gasper. Pray, madam, are your wedding shoes ready?

Olivia. Insolence! I can scarcely ever keep up the vixen to this fellow!

Gasper. You'll want them, madam, to-morrow morning, that's all!—So I come to prepare you.

Olivia. What wedding shoes to-morrow! If you are kept on water-gruel till I marry, that plump face of yours will be chop-fallen I believe.

Gasper. Yes, truly I believe so too.—Lack-a-day! did you suppose I came to bring you news of your own wedding? no such good tidings for you, lady, believe me. You married I—I am sure the man who ties himself to you, ought to be half a salamander, and able to live in fire.

Olivia. What marriage then is it you do me the honor to inform me of?

Gasper. Why, your father's marriage.—You'll have a mother-in-law to-morrow: and having, like a dutiful daughter, danc'd at the wedding, be immur'd in a convent for life.

Olivia. Immur'd in a convent! then I'll raise sedition in the sisterhood, depose the abbess, and turn the confessors chair to a go-cart.—

Gasper. So the threat of a mother-in-law, which I thought would be worse than that of the abbess, does not frighten you?

Olivia. No, because my father dares not give me one.—Marry—without my consent! No, no! he'll never think of it, depend on't; however, lest the fit shou'd grow strong upon him, I'll go and administer my volatiles to keep it under. *[Exit.]*

Gasper. Administer them cautiously then; too strong a dose of your volatiles, would make the fit stubborn.—Who wou'd think that pretty arch look belong'd to a termagant? What a pity! 'Twould be worth a thousand ducats to cure her.

Victoria. Has *Inis* told you, that I wanted to converse with you in private, *Gasper*?

Gasper. Yes, madam, and I took particular notice, that it was in private.—Sure, says I, *Mrs. Inis*, *Madam Victoria* has not taken a fancy to me, and is—going to break her mind?

Victoria. Whimsical! ha, ha! suppose I shou'd, *Gasper*?

Gasper. Why then, madam, I shou'd say, fortune had us'd

you devilish scurvily—to give you a grey beard in a livery.—I know well enough that some young women have given themselves to grey beards in a gilded coach, and others have ran away with a handsome youth, in worsted lace.—They each have their apology; but, if you run away with me—pardon me, madam, I cou'd not stand the ridicule.

Victoria. Oh, very well, but if you refuse to run away with me, will you do me another favor?

Gasper. Any thing you'll order, madam—except dancing a fandango

Victoria. You have seen my rich uncle, in the country?

Gasper. What, Don Sancho? who with two thirds of a century in his face—affects the misdemeanours of youth, hides his baldness with amber locks,—and complains of the tooth-ach, to make you believe, that the two rows of ivory he carries in his head, grew there.

Victoria. Oh, you know him I find.—Could you assume his character for an hour, and make love for him? You know it must be in the stile of King Roderigo the first.

Gasper. Hang it, I am too near his own age.—To appear an old man with effect, one shou'd not be above twenty.—'Tis always so on the stage.

Victoria. Pho, pho, you might pass for Juno's grand-son.

Gasper. Nay, if your ladyship condescends to flatter me, you have me.

Victoria. Then follow me, for Don Cezar is approaching in the garden! I'll make you acquainted with my plan, and impress on your mind, every trait of my uncle's character.—If you can hit him off, the arts of Laura shall be foil'd, and Carlos be again his *Victoria's*.

(Exit Gasper following)

Enter Don Cezar, and Olivia.

Cezar. No, no! 'tis too late.—No coaxing—I am resolv'd, I say.

Olivia. But it is not too late, and you shan't be resolv'd, I say.—Indeed now, I'll be upon my guard with the next Don.—What's his name? Not a trace of the Xantippe left—I'll study to be charming.

Cezar. Nay, you need not study it—you are always charming enough, if you would but hold your tongue.

Olivia. Do you think so? Then to the next lover I won't open my lips: I'll answer every thing he says with a smile; and if he asks me to have him, I'll drop a custley of shankfulness.

Cezar.

Cesar. Pshaw—That's too much Pother way!—you are always either above the mark, or below it.—You must talk, but talk with good humour.—Can't you look gently and prettily now, as I do? and say "yes, sir, and, no sir; and this very fine weather, sir; and, pray, sir, was you at the ball last night," and I "caught a sad cold the other evening; and, bless me, I hear Lucinda has ran away with her foot-man; and Don Phillip, has married his house-maid."—That's the way agreeable ladies talk.—You never hear any thing else.

Olivia. Very true, I often admire them; and, you shall see me as agreeable as the best of them, if you won't give me a mother-in-law to snub me, and set me tasks, and to take up all the fine apartments; and send your poor little Livy to lodge next the stars.

Cesar. Hum.—If thou wert but always thus soft, and good-humour'd, no mother-in-law in Spain, tho' she brought the Castles for her portion.—For at this moment do I expect Don Vincentio to visit you.—He's but just returned from England, and probably has yet heard only of your beauty and fortune.—I hope 'tis not from you he will learn the latter part of your character.

Olivia. This moment expect him! Two new lovers in a day!

Cesar. Beginning already, as I hope to live! Aye, I see his in vain.—I'll send him an excuse, and marry Marcella before night.

Olivia. Oh, no, upon my obedience, I promise to be just the soft, civil creature you have describ'd.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Don Vincentio is below, sir.

Cesar. I'll wait upon him.—Well, go, and collect all your smiles, and your snipers; and remember all I have said to you; be gentle and tell pretty little small tales; and if you please him, you shall have the portion of a Dutch burgomaster's daughter, and the pin-money of a princess, you jade you.—I think at last, I have done it: the frown of this mother-in-law, will keep down the fiend in her, if any thing can. [Exit]

Olivia. Ha! my poor father—your anxieties will never end, till you bring Don Julio.—Let but that dear wanderer appear in the list of my lovers, and you shall find me the most obedient daughter.—But what shall I do in this Vincentio? I fear he's so perfectly harmoniz'd that to put him in an ill temper, will be impracticable; I must however, and if 'tis possible to find a discord in him.—It touch the string. [Exit]

Enter

Enter Vincentio and Cesar.

Vincentio. Presto, presto, Signior! Where is Olivia? not a moment to spare. I left off in the fury of composition: miniature crotchets have been battling it thro' my head the whole day; and trying semibreves in G. Sharp, has made me as flat as—

Cesar. Sharps and flats—trying semibreves! Good sir, I had like not to have understood you: but a semibreve is something of a demiculverin, I take it; and you have been practising the art military.

Vincentio. Art military! What, sir, are you unacquainted with music?

Cesar. Music! Oh, I ask pardon, sir.—Then you are fond of music—war of discords!

Vincentio. Fond of it, devoted to it.—I compos'd a thing to-day, in all the gusto of Piccini, and the fire of—But this finger fails me in composing a passage in E. octave: If it does not gain more elastic vigour in a week, I shall be tempted to have it amputated, and supply the stroke with a spring.

Cesar. Mercy! Amputate a finger, to supply a stroke.

Vincentio. Oh, that's a trifle—the road to regeneration.—To be talk'd of, is the *summum bonum* of this. A young man of rank, shou'd not glide thro' the world without a distinguish'd rage; or, as they call it in England—a hobby-horse!

Cesar. A hobby-horse!

Vincentio. Yes; that is when a man of figure determines on setting out in life, in that kind of liberty, in what line to ruin himself. His choice is call'd his hobby-horse: One makes the turf, his scene of action; another drives his phaeton, to peep into their neighbour's garret windows; and a third rides a hobby-horse in parliament, where it jerks him sometimes on one side, and sometimes on the other—sometimes in, and sometimes out; till at length he is jerk'd out of his honesty, and his constituents out of their freedom.

Cesar. Aye—well, 'tis a wonder that, with such sort of hobby-horses, they still out-ride all the world to the goal of glory.

Vincentio. But this is all out of tune, nothing to do with the serious business:—Which is Donna Olivia? Pray, give me the key-note to her heart.

Cesar. Upon my word, Signior, to speak in your own phrase—I believe that note has never yet been sounded.—Ah! here she comes! look at her—hasn't she a charming girl?

Vincentio. Tenthing! her very air is harmonious!

Cesar. (*aside*) I wish thou may'st find her tongue so.

Enter

Enter Olivia, and curtsies profoundly to each.

Daughter, receive Don Vincentio.—His rank, fortune and merit, intitle him to the heiress of a grandee; but he is contented to become my son-in-law, if you can please him.

(Olivia curtsies again.)

Vincentio. Please me! She entrances me! her presence thrills me like an Æolian-harp; and every nerve vibrates to the music of her looks. I can explain myself better in a song. *(Sings.)* Charming Donna, will you be contented to receive me as a lover?

Olivia. Yes, sir!—no, sir!

Vincentio. Yes, sir; no, sir—bewitching timidity!

Cesar. Yes, she's remarkably timid.—This is the right cue, I see. *(Aside.)*

Vincentio. 'Tis clear you have never travell'd.—I shall be delighted to shew you England: You will there see, how entirely timidity is banish'd the sex.—You must affect a mark'd character, and maintain it at all hazards.

Olivia. 'Tis a very fine day, sir.

Vincentio. Madam!

Olivia. I caught a bad cold the other evening.—Pray, was you at the ball last night?

Vincentio. What ball, fair lady?

Olivia. Bless me! they say Lucinda has run a way with her footman; and Don Phillip, has married his house-maid.—Now, am not I agreeable?—

Cesar. Oh, such perverse obedience!

Vincentio. Really, madam, I have not the honor, to know Don Phillip, or Lucinda—nor am I happy enough entirely to comprehend you.—Sure she's laughing at me. *(Aside.)*

Olivia. No; I only meant to be very agreeable.—But perhaps you have no taste for pretty little small talk.—A mark'd character you admire; so do I.—I do not on't—I would not resemble the rest of the world in any thing.

Vincentio. My taste, to one fifteenth part of a crotchet!—We shall agree admirably when we are married.

Olivia. And that will be unlike the rest of the world.—and therefore charming.

Cesar. It will do, *(aside.)* I have hit her humour at last!—Why did not this young dog offer himself before?

Olivia. I believe I have the honor to carry my taste that way farther than you, Don Vincentio.—Pray now, what is your usual stile in living?

Vincentio

Vincenzio. My winter I spend in Madrid, as other people do; my summer I draw thro' at my castle.

Olivia. As other people do!—and yet you pretend taste and singularity—ha, ha, ha! good Don Vincentio, never talk of a mark'd character again:—go into the country in July, to smell roses and woodbines, regale on their fragrance!—now I wou'd rusticate only in the winter—and my bleak castle shou'd be decorated with verdure, and flowers, amidst the soft zephyrs of December.

Cesar. Oh, she'll go too far.

Olivia. On the leafless trees, I wou'd hang green branches, the labour of silk worms, and therefore natural:—while my rose shrubs, and myrtles shou'd be scented by the first perfumes in Italy—unnatural indeed; but therefore singular, and striking.

Vincenzio. Oh, charming; you beat me where I thought myself the strongest.—Would they establish newspapers here to paragraph our singularities, we should be the most envied people in Spain.

Cesar. By St. Anthony, he's as mad as she is.

Vincenzio. What say you, Don Cesar, to Olivia and her winter garden, and I and my music?—

Olivia. Music did you say? Oh, I am passionately fond of that!

Cesar. She has sav'd my life—I thought she was going to knock down his hobby-horse.

Vincenzio. You enchant me! I have the finest band in Madrid—my first violin draws a longer bow than Cardini's—my clarinets, my viol de gambo! you shall have such concerts.

Olivia. Concerts! pardon me there—my passion is a single instrument.

Vincenzio. That's carrying singularity very far indeed!—I love a crash.—Is it a harpsichord—a piano-forte, a pemicord, or harp?

Olivia. You have it, sir; you have it.—A harp, yes, a Jew's harp is to me the only instrument. Are you not charm'd with its delightful h-u-u-m, with its base running on the ear like the distant rumble of a city state-coach? It presents the idea of vastness, and importance to the mind—the moment you are its master I'll give you my hand.—

Vincenzio. Da capo, madam—da capo! a Jew's harp?

Olivia. Bless me, sir! don't I tell you so? Violins chill me, clarinets, by sympathy, hurt my lungs; and instead of maintaining a band under my roof, I wou'd not keep a servant, who

knew

knew a bassoon from a flute, or could tell whether he heard a jig or a corgenetta.

Cezar. Oh, thou perverse one! you know you love concerts.—You know you do!

Olivia. I detest them—'tis vulgar customs that attach people to the sound of different instruments, at once! It would be as well to talk on the same subject in fifty different tongues.—A band! 'tis a mere oglio of sound!—I'd rather listen to a three string'd guitar, serenading a sempstress in some neighbouring garra!

Cezar. Oh, you!—Don Vincentio, this is nothing but perverseness, wicked perverseness?—Hussey don't you shike when you mention a garra? don't bread and water and a step-mother come into your head at the same time?

Vincentio. Piano! piano, good sir.—Spare yourself all trouble. Shou'd the princess of Guzzarat, and all her diamond mines, offer themselves, I wou'd not accept them in lieu of my band.—A band that has half ruin'd me to collect.—I wou'd have allow'd Donna Olivia, a blooming garden in winter, I wou'd have even procur'd barrenness and snow for her in the dog-days: but to have my band insulted—to have my knowledge in music slighted! to be rous'd from all the energies of composition, by the drone of a Jew's-harp! I cannot breathe under the idea.

Cezar. Then, then, you refuse her, sir?

Vincentio. I cannot use so harsh a word—I take leave of the lady.—Adieu, madam—I leave you to enjoy your solace—whilst I fly to theapture's of a crash. [Exit]

Cezar. Goes up to Olivia, looks her in the face, and exits without speaking.

Olivia. Merely! that silent anger is terrifying.—I read a young mother-in-law, and an old lady abbess in every line of his face. (Enter Victoria.) Well, you heard the whole, I suppose? heard poor unhappy me, scorn'd and rejected?

Victoria. I heard you in imminent danger: I expected Signior Da Capo, wou'd have snap'd you up in spite of Caprice and extravagance.

Olivia. Oh, they charm'd instead of scaring him.—I soon found that my only chance was to fall across his caprice. Where is the philosopher that cou'd withstand that?

Victoria. But what my good cousin does all this tend to?

Olivia. I dare say you can guess—Penelope had never cheated her lovers with a never-ending web, had not she had an Ulysses.

Victoria. An Ulysses! what have you then—

A BOLD STROKE

Olivia. No, no, not yet; believe me, my design is not to lead apes—nor is my heart an icicle. If you chuse to know more, put on your veil, and slip with me thro' the garden to the Prado.

Victoria. I can't indeed:—I am this moment going to dress *en femme* to visit the Portuguese.

Olivia. No excuse! for positively you go with me. Heaven, and earth! I am going to meet a man, whom I have been fool enough to dream and think of those two years, and I don't know, that ever he thought of me in his life.——

Victoria. Two years discovering that?

Olivia. He has been abroad.—The only time I ever saw him, was at the duchess of Medina's. There were a thousand people, and he was so elegant, so careless, so handsome!—in a word, tho' he set off for France, the next morning, by some witch-craft or other, he has been before my eyes ever since.

Victoria. Was the impression mutual?

Olivia. He hardly noticed me; I was then a bashful thing, just out of a convent, and shrunk from observation.

Victoria. Why, I thought you were going to meet him.

Olivia. To be sure—I sent him word this morning to be at the Prado.—I am determined to find out if his heart is engaged—and if it is.——

Victoria. You'll cross your arms, and crown your brow with willow.——

Olivia. No positively, not while we have myrtles.—I would prefer Julio to all the sex.—But if he's so stupid as to be insensible to me, I shan't for that reason, pine like a girl on chalk and oatmeal; no no; in that case I shall form a new plan, and treat my future lovers more civilly.

Victoria. You are the only woman in love, I ever heard talk reasonably.

Olivia. Well, prepare for the Prado, and I'll give you a lesson against your day of widow-hood.

Victoria. My day of widow-hood! Oh, Olivia! my happiness, my life depend on my husband; the fond hope of still being united to him gives me spirits in my afflictions and enables me to support even the period of this night with patience. [Exit.

End of the SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE, the STREET.

Enter Julio from a Garden-gate; a Servant within softly opens the door.

Julio. YES, yes, bar it fast Cerberus, lest some other curious traveller, thou'd humble on your confines.—If ever I am so caught again, (*Enter Don Garcia*) Don Garcia, never make love to a woman in a veil.

Garcia. Why so, prithee? Veils and masks, are the chief ingredients in a Spanish amour; but in two years, Julio, you are grown absolutely French.

Julio. That may be; but if ever I trust to a veil again, may no lovely, tempting, blooming beauty even trust me.—Why dost know now, that I have been an hour at the feet of a creature, whose first birth-day must have been kept the latter end of last century, and whose trembling weak voice, I mistook for the timid cadence of bashful fifteen.

Garcia. Ha, ha, ha! what an happiness, to have seen thee in thy raptures, petitioning for half a glance only of the charms the envious-veil conceal'd.

Julio. Yes; but the curse of it was, when she unveil'd her gothic countenance, to render the thing completely ridiculous, she began moralizing; and positively wou'd not let me out of the snare, till I had persuaded her, she had work'd a conversion; and that I'd never make love, but in an honest way again.

Garcia. Oh, that honest way of love-making is delightful to be sure.—I had a dose of it this morning; but happily the ladies have not learn'd to veil their tempers, tho' they have their faces:—

Enter Vincentio.

Vincentio. Julio! Garcia! congratulate me—such an escape!

Julio. What have you escap'd?

Vincentio. Matrimony.

Garcia. Nay then our congratulations may be mutual—I have had a matrimonial escape too this very day.—I was almost on the brink of the ceremony with the veriest Xanthippe!

Vincentio. Oh, that was not my case.—Mine was a sweet creature, all elegance, all life:—

Julio. Then where's the cause of congratulation?

Vincentio. Cause! why she is ignorant of music! prefers a jig to a canzonetta, and a Jews-harp to a psalter.

A BOLDUSTROKE

Garcia. Would my nymph had no other fault than that, for she was lovely and rich.

Vincenzio. Mine too was lovely and rich, and I'll be sworn as ignorant of scolding, as of the gamut; but not to know music!

Julio. Gentle, lovely, and rich, and ignorant only of music.

Garcia. A venial crime indeed.—If the sweet creature will marry me, she shall carry a Jew-harp always in her train, as a Scotch laird does his bagpipes.—I wish you'd give me your interest,

Vincenzio. Oh, most willingly, if thou hast so gross an inclination; I'll name thee, as a dull, cold honest fellow to her father, Don Cezar.

Garcia. Cezar! what Don Cezar?

Vincenzio. De Zuniga.

Garcia. Impossible!

Vincenzio. Oh, I'll answer for her mother; so much is Don Zuniga her father, that he does not know a semibreve from a culverine.

Garcia. The name of the lady?

Vincenzio. Olivia.

Garcia. Why you must be mad, that's my termagant.

Vincenzio. Termagant! pho, pritheo man! thou hast certainly some vixen of a mistress, who infects thy ears towards the whole sex.—Olivia, is rather timid and elegant.

Garcia. By Juno! there never existed such a cold.

Vincenzio. Ophew! there never was a colder tempered creature; spirit enough to be charming, that's all.—If she lov'd harp, I'd marry her to-morrow.

Julio. Ho, ho, ho! what a ridiculous jangle!—It is evident you speak of two different women.

Garcia. I speak of Donna Olivia, heiress to Don Cezar, de Zuniga.

Vincenzio. I speak of the heiress of Don Cezar de Zuniga, who is call'd Donna Olivia.

Garcia. Sir, I perceive you mean to insult me.

Vincenzio. Your perceptions are very quick, sir.—But if you chuse to stick to it, I'll settle that point with you immediately.

For fear of consequence, I'll fly home, and add the last two bars to my concerto, and meet you where you please.

Julio. (Stopping him.) Pho! this is evidently an apprehension. To clear the matter up, I'll visit the lady; if you'll introduce me, Vincenzio.—But you shall both promise to be govern'd in this dispute by my decision.

FOR A HUSBAND.

25

Vincenzio. I'll introduce you with joy, if you'll try to persuade her of the necessity of music, and the charms of harmony.

Garcia. Yes, she needs that—you'll find her all jar'd discord.

Julia. Come, come, no more Garcia—thou art but a sort of a male vixen thyself.—Melodious Vincenzio! when shall I expect you?

Vincenzio. This evening.

Julia. Not this evening: I have engag'd to meet a gentleman in a grove; then I shall have music, you rogue.

Vincenzio. It won't flag at night.

Julia. Then I'll talk to it till the morning, and hear it pour its matins to the rising sun.—Call on me to-morrow, I'll then attend you to Donna Olivia, and deal faithfully, tell the impression her character makes on me.—Come Garcia, I must not leave you together, lest his crotchets, and your ambitions, should fall into a crash of discord.—*[Exit Julia, Garcia, and Vincenzio.]*

S C E N E II.

The PRADO.

Enter Don Carlos.

Carlos. All hail to the powers of burgundy! three flasks to my own share:—What sorrow can stand against three flasks of burgundy? I was a damn'd melancholy fellow this morning, going to shoot myself to get rid of my troubles.—Where are my troubles now? Gone to the moon to look for my wife and there I hope they'll stay together, if one can't come back without the other.—But where is that indolent dog, Julia? He fit to receive appointments from the ladies? Dure, I shan't miss the hour. No—but seven yet. *(Looks at his watch.)* Seven's the hour, by all the joys of burgundy!—The rogue must be here. Let's reconnoitre.

Enter Olivia and Victoria from left.

Olivia. Positively mine's a pretty spark, so let me be first at the place of appointment.—I have a great mind to go home again, to punish him.

Victoria. And so I'm sure you wou'd,—only the punishment wou'd fall heaviest on yourself.

Olivia. How I hate you for speaking disagreeable truths!

Victoria. There's a solitary man——Is not that so? I think

not.—If he'd be pleas'd to turn his face this way.—He's looking at the woman in the next walk; can't you disturb him?

Olivia. [*screams.*] Oh, a frightful fury. [*Carlos turns.*]

Victoria. Heavens! 'tis my husband.

Olivia. Your husband! Is that Don Carlos? (*Softly whisper'd.*)

Victoria. It is indeed!

Olivia. Why really, now I have seen the man, I don't think you have been such a fool.—He is moving towards us.

Victoria. I cannot speak to him, and yet my soul flies to meet him.—If he addresses us, be you the answerer.

Carlos. Pray, lady, what occasion'd that pretty scream? I shrewdly suspect it was a trap.

Olivia. A trap! ha, ha, ha! A trap for you!

Carlos. Why not, madam? Zounds a man five feet eight, and three flasks of burgundy in his head, is worth laying a trap for.

Olivia. Yes, unless it happen'd to be trap'd before.—'Tis about two years since you was caught, I take it.—Do keep farther off; odious! a married man.

Carlos. The devil! is it posted under every saint in the street, that I'm a married man?

Olivia. No, you carry the mark about you, that rueful phiz cou'd never belong to a bachelor—besides, there's an odd appearance on your temples.—Does your hat fit easy?

Carlos. By all the thorns of matrimony, if———

Olivia. Poor man! how natural to swear by what one feels.—But why were you in such haste to gather thorns of matrimony? Bless us, had you but look'd about a little, what a market might you have made of it. That fine proper person of your's——that———

Carlos. Confound thee, confound thee! If thou art a wife may thy husband plague thee with jealousies, and thou never able to give him cause for them: and if thou art a maid, may'st thou be an old one.—(*Going meets Julio.*) Oh, Julio!—look not that way, there's a tongue will stun thee.

Julio. Heaven be prais'd!——I love female prattle. All woman's tongue can never scare me.—Which of these two goldsmiths makes the music?

Carlos. Oh, this is as silent as a turtle—only coos now and then——Perhaps you don't hate a married man, sweet one.

(*To Victoria.*)

Victoria. You guess right, I love a married man.

Carlos. Hah, say'st thou so?—wilt thou love me?

Victoria. Will you let me?

Carlos. Let thee, my charmer; oh! how I'll cherish thee for't!—what shall I give thee for thy heart!

Victoria. I demand a price, that perhaps you cannot give; will you love ever.

Carlos. Ever, yes ever, till we find each other dull company, and yawn, and talk of our neighbours, for amusement.

Victoria. Farewell.—I suspect you to be a dull chapman, and that you wou'd not reach my terms.—(*Going.*)

Carlos. Nay, I'll come to 'em if I can—but move this way; I am fearful of that wood-pecker at your elbow.—Shou'd she begin again, her voice wou'd scare all the pretty loves that are playing about my heart. Don't turn your head towards them. If you like to listen to loves tales, you'll meet fond pairs enough in this walk. [*Exit with her.*]

Julio. I really believe, tho' you deny it, that you are my destiny: That it is you fetch me hither—see it is not this your mandate? [*Shows a letter.*]

Olivia. Oh, delightful! the scrawl of some chamber-maid, or perhaps of your valet, to give you an air.—What is it sign'd *Matriatorna Tomasa Sancha*?

Julio. Nay, now I am convinc'd the letter is yours, since you abuse it; so you may as well confess.

Olivia. Suppose I shou'd, you can't be sure I don't deceive you.

Julio. True, but there is one point in which I have made a vow not to be deceived; therefore the preliminary is, that you throw off your veil.

Olivia. My veil!

Julio. Positively if you reject this article, our negotiation ends.

Olivia. You have no right to offer articles, unless you own yourself conquer'd.

Julio. I own myself willing to be conquer'd, and have therefore a right to make the best terms I can.—Do you accede to the demand?

Olivia. Certainly not.

Julio. You had better.

Olivia. I protest I will not.

Julio. My life upon't I make you! (*Aside.*) Why, madam, know your features as well as tho' I saw 'em.

Olivia. How can that be?

Julio. I judge of what you hide, by what I see.—I cou'd draw your picture.

Olivia. Charming! You may begin the portrait.

Julio. Imprimis.—A broad high forehead, rounded at the top like an old-fashion'd gate-way.

Olivia. Odious!

B 3

Julio.

A BOLD STROKE

Julia. Pale cheeks—thin lips—and—

Olivia. Hold, hold, thou villain! *(Tearing off her veil.)*

There, down on your knees in contrition for your malicious libel.

Julia. Contrition! no, if I kneel, it must be in adoration.—
What a charming creature!

Olivia. So now for lies on the other side.

Julia. A forehead form'd by the graces; hair which Cupid
wou'd steal for his bow-strings, were he not engag'd in shooting
tho' those sparkling hazel circlets, which nature has given you
for eyes;—lips, that 'twere a sin to call so; they are fresh ga-
ther'd rose leaves, with the fragrant morning dew still hanging
on their rounded surface.

Olivia. Is that extemporaneous, or ready cut for every wo-
man who takes off her veil to you?

Julia. I believe not extemporaneous; for nature, when she
finish'd you, form'd the sentiment in my heart, and there it has
been buried, till you, for whom it was form'd, call'd it into
the world.

Olivia. Suppose I shou'd understand from all this, that you
have a mind to be in love with me:—wou'd'nt you be finely
caught?

Julia. Charmingly caught! If you let me understand, at the
same time, that you have a mind to be in love with me.

Olivia. In love with a man—heavens! I never lov'd any
thing but a squirrel!

Julia. Make me your squirrel.—I'll put on your chains, and
gambol, and play at your side.

Olivia. But suppose you shou'd have a mind to break the
chain.

Julia. Then loose it; for if once that humour seizes me,
restraint wou'd not cure it—let me spring and bound at liberty;
and when I return to my lovely mistress, tired of all but her,
fasten me again to your girdle, and kiss me whilst you
hide.

Olivia. Your servant, to encourage you to leave me again.

Julia. No, no: to make returning to you the strongest at-
traction of my life.—Why are you silent?

Olivia. I am debating, whether to be pleas'd, or displeas'd
at what you have said.

Julia. Well!

Olivia. You shall know when I have determin'd—my friend
and yours are approaching this way; and they must not be in-
terrupted.

Julia. 'Twould be barbarous—we'll retire as far off as you
please.

Olivia. But we'll retire separately, fir.—That lady is a woman of honor, and this moment of the highest importance to her.—You may, however, conduct me to the gate, on condition that you leave me instantly.

Julio. Leave her instantly.—Oh, then I know my cue.

[Exit together at top.]

Enter Carlos follow'd by Victoria, unperceiv'd.

Carlos. My wife!

Victoria. Oh, heavens! I will veil myself again, I will hide my face forever from you, if you will still feast my ears with those soft vows, which a moment since you pour'd forth so eagerly.

Carlos. My own wife! making love to my own wife?

Victoria. Oh, why shou'd one of the dearest moments of my life, be to you so displeasing?

Carlos. So, I am caught in this snare, I suppose, by way of agreeable surprise?

Victoria. Wou'd you cou'd think it so!

Carlos. No, madam! by heaven 'tis a surprize fatal to every hope, with which you may have flatter'd yourself.—What, am I to be follow'd, haunted, watch'd?

Victoria. Not to upbraid you—I follow'd you, because my castle, without you, seem'd a desert :—Indeed I will never upbraid you.

Carlos. Generous assurance! never upbraid me.—No, by heavens, I'll take care you never shall.—She has touch'd my soul, but I dare not yield to this impression.—Her softness is worse than death to me. *(Aside.)*

Victoria. Wou'd I cou'd please, or find words to please you.

Carlos. You cannot—therefore leave me; or suffer me to go, without attempting to follow me.

Victoria. Is it possible you can be so barbarous.

Carlos. Do not expostulate: your first vow'd duty is obedience, that word so grating to your sex.

Victoria. To me 'twas never grating :—to obey you has been my joy.—Even now I will not dispute your will—no! I feel, for the first time, obedience hateful. Oh, Carlos, my dear Carlos! I go, but my soul remains with you.

[Exit Victoria.]

Carlos. Oh, horrible! Had I not taken this rash measure, I must have kill'd myself: for how cou'd I tell her, I have made her a beggar? Better she shou'd hate, desert me, than that my tenderness shou'd give her a prospect of misery.

she can never taste. Oh! wine, created spirit, where art thou now? Madness return to me again, for reason presents me nothing but despair.

Enter Julio from the top.

Julio. Carlos, who the devil can they be? my charming little witch was inflexible:—I hope yours has been more communicative.

Carlos. Folly, nonsense.——

[*Exit.*

Julio. Folly, nonsense! What a pretty woman's smile---ha, ha, ha! Upon my soul it has more persuasion, and consequently more reason, than a logical disquisition.---But those married fellows have never taste, nor joy.---Hu---m---n, suppose my fair shou'd want to debase me into such an animal?---she can't have so much villainy in her disposition---and yet if she shou'd?---pho, it won't bear thinking about.---If I do so mad a thing, it must be as cowards fight, without daring to reflect on the danger.

[*Exit Julio.*

S C E N E III.

Don Cezar's House.

Enter Cezar and Vasquez.

Cezar. Well, Don Vasquez, and a---you'll let me marry your daughter?

Vasquez. It is sufficient, Signior, that you have signified to us, your intention: my daughter shall prove her gratitude, in her attentive behaviour to your felicity.

Cezar. Eged now it comes to the push, (*aside.*) Hem!---hem!---but just nineteen, you say?

Vasquez. Exactly the eleventh of last month.

Cezar. Pity it was not twenty.

Vasquez. Why a year can make no difference, I shou'd think.

Cezar. Oh, yes it does.---A year is a great deal---they are so skittish at nineteen.

Vasquez. Those who are so skittish at nineteen, I fear you won't find much mended at twenty.---Marcella is very grave, and a pretty little plump fair---

Cezar. Aye, fair again, pity she is not brown, or olive; I like your olive.

Vasquez. Brown, and olive.---You're very whimsical, my old friend.

Cezar. Why, these fair girls are so flatter'd at by the men; and the young fellows now a-days have a damn'd impudent snarl with 'em---tis very abasing to a woman, very dis-

Vasquez. Yes so it is—happily their distress is of that nature, that it generally goes off with a simper; but come, I'll send Marcella to you, and she will——

Cezar. No, no; stay my good friend. (*Gasping.*) You are in a violent hurry. (*Gasping again.*)

Vasquez. Why truly, Signior, at your time of life, when we determine to marry, we have no time to loose.

Cezar. Why that's very true; and so——Oh, St. Anthony! now it comes to the point.—But there can be no harm in looking at her—a look won't blind us for better or worse. (*Aside.*) Well then, if you—if you—if you—have a mind—I say, you may let me see her. [*Exit Vasquez.*]

Cezar. (*puts on his spectacles.*) Aye, here she comes—I hear her tip, tip, tip.—I don't like that step.—A woman shou'd always tread steadily, with dignity: It awes the men.

Enter Marcella.

Mar. Hem! hem!

Cezar. Aye, she knows how to give an item, I find.—Some how, I'm afraid to look round.

Mar. Pray, Signior, have you any commands for me?

Cezar. Hum—not nonplust at all—(*Looks at her.*) Oh that eye! I don't like that eye.

Mar. My father commanded me.

Cezar. Yes, I know; I know:—Why now I look again, there is a sort of a modest—oh that smile! that encouraging smile, will never do.

Mar. I understand, Signior, that you have demanded my hand in marriage.

Cezar. Upon my word plump to the point. (*Aside.*) Yes, I did a sort of—I can't say but that I did.

Mar. I am not insensible of the honor you do me, sir; but—but——

Cezar. But what. Don't you like the thoughts of the match!

Mar. Oh, yes, I do exceedingly—I dare not say no. (*Aside.*)

Cezar. Oh, you do exceedingly! What, I suppose child, your head is full of jewels, and finery, and equipage.

Mar. No, indeed, sir,

Cezar. No: What sort of a life then do you expect to lead, when you are my wife? What pleasures do you look forward to?

Mar. None.

Cezar. Hey!

Mar. I shall obey my father, sir: I shall marry you—but I shall be a wretched

Cesar. Indeed!

Mar. There is not a fate I wou'd not prefer—But pardon me.

Cesar. Go on, go on; I was never better pleased.

Mar. Pleased at my reluctance?

Cesar. Never, never better pleased in my life.—So you had really now, you young baggage, rather have me for a grandfather, than a husband?

Mar. Forgive my frankness, sir—a thousand times.

Cesar. My dear girl, let me kiss your hand.—Egad, you've let me off charmingly!—I was frighted out of my wits lest you shou'd have taken as violent an inclination to the match, as your father has.

Mar. Dear sir, you charm me!

Cesar. But, hark ye—You'll certainly incur your father's anger, if I do not take the refusal entirely to myself—which I will do; if you'll only assist me in a little business, I have in hand.

Mar. Any thing, to shew my gratitude.

Cesar. You must know, I can't get my daughter to marry! There's nothing on earth will drive her to it—but the dread of a mother-in-law.—Now, if you will let it appear to her, that you and I are as forward to the goal of matrimony, I believe it will do.—What say you; shall we be lovers in play?

Mar. If you are sure, it will only be in play.

Cesar. Oh, my life on't—we must be very fond.

Mar. To be sure, exceedingly tender—ha, ha, ha!

Cesar. You must smile upon me now and then roguishly, and slide your hand into mine, when you are sure she sees you, and let me pat your cheek, and—

Mar. Oh, no farther, pray—that will be quite sufficient.

Cesar. Egad, I begin to take a fancy to your rogue's face, now I am in no danger.—Mayn't we, mayn't we salute now and then? It will seem infinitely more natural.

Mar. Never, never!—such an attempt would make me fly off at once.

Cesar. Well, well, you must be lady governess in this business.—I'll go home now, and fret young madam about her young mother-in-law.—By sweeting.

Mar. By chamber.

Cesar. Oh, bless its pretty eyes.

[Exit Cesar.]

Mar. Bless its pretty spectacles! ha, ha, ha! Enter into a league with a cross old father, against his daughter! Why, how cou'd he suspect me capable of so much treachery? I cou'd not answer it to my conscience: No, no; I'll acquaint Donna Olivia with the plot; and, as in duty bound, turn our arms against Don Cesar.

[Exit Donna Marcelia.]

End of the THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

An Apartment at DONNA LAURA'S.

Enter Laura, and Don Pedro.

Laura. WELL, Pedro, hast thou seen Don Florio?

Pedro. Yes, Donna!

Laura. How did he look, when he read my letter?

Pedro. Mortal well—I never see'd him look better; he'd got on a new cloak—and a—

Laura. Pho, blockhead; did he look pleased? Did he kiss my name? Did he press the billet to his bosom, with all the warmth of love?

Pedro. No, he didn't warm it that way, but he did it another; for he put it into the fire.—

Laura. How!

Pedro. Yes, and when I spoke, he started; for I think he had forgot that I was by.—So he says—go home, and tell Donna Laura, I fly to her presence.

Laura. Is it possible; so contemptuously to destroy a letter, in which my whole soul overflow'd with tenderness? In which my upbraidings were mingled with the most passionate love? But why do I question it? He has never treated me but with the most mortifying coldness, even whilst he pretended to be sensible of my charms.—I feel myself on the brink of hatred; and by all the agonies I have felt, shou'd that passion be once rous'd—Oh, how idly I talk! he is here, his very voice pierces my heart; I dare not meet his eyes thus compos'd.—I'll retire a moment.

[Exit Laura.]

Enter Victoria in man's clothes, and Sancha following.

Sancha. I will inform my mistress that you are here, Don Florio; I thought she had been in this apartment.

[Exit Sancha.]

Viola. Now must I, with a mind torn with anxieties, once more assume the lover of my husband's mistress—of the woman, who has robb'd me of his heart, and his children of their fortune.—Sure my task is hard—Oh, love! oh, married love, assist me! If I can, by any art, obtain from her that fatal deed, I shall save my little ones from ruin; and then I have hid my grief within my heart.—I hear her step: and now for all the impudence of an accomplish'd cavalier. *(Sings.)* Bind my brows with myrtle
love—my lovely Laura.

Enter Laura.

Laura. That both speaks Laura lov'd, as well as lovely.

Vid. To be sure! Petrarch immortalized his Laura by his verse; and mine shall be immortal, in my passion.

Laura. I cannot conceive how you felt this immortal passion.
—'Tis two days since you saw me, you ingrate.—

Vid. Positively, Laura, you have those fits so often—I wonder my passion can stand 'em.—You women are the most incomprehensible creatures: I believe you think quarrelling a necessary sauce to love. It was by such destructive arts as these you cur'd Don Carlos of his passion.

Laura. Cur'd Don Carlos. Oh, Florio, wert thou but what he is!

Vid. Why, you don't pretend he loves you still?

Laura. Yes, most ardently, and truly.

Vid. Ha!

Laura. If thou wou'dst persuade thy passion is real, borrow his words, his looks—be a hypocrite one dear moment, and speak to me in all the phrenzy of that love which warms the heart of Carlos.

Vid. The heart of Carlos!

Laura. That seems a jealous pang—It gives me hopes—new life. (*Aside.*) Yes, Florio; he, indeed, knows what it is to love.—For me he forsook a beauteous wife; nay, and with me he wou'd forsake his country.

Vid. Villain, villain!

Lau. Nay, my sweet Florio, let not the thought distress you thus.—Carlos I despise; he's the weakest of mankind.

Vid. 'Tis false, madam, you cannot despise him.—Carlos the weakest of mankind! heavens! what woman cou'd resist him! Persuasion sits on his tongue, and love, almighty love, triumphant in his eyes.

Lau. This is strange!—You speak of your rival with the admiration of a mistress.

Vid. Oh, Laura! 'tis the fate of jealousy, as well as love, to see the charms of its object increas'd and heighten'd.—I am jealous to distraction of Don Carlos; and cannot taste peace, unless you swear never to see him more.

Lau. I swear, joyfully swear, never to behold, or speak to him again.—I would

Vid. Thanks to thee!—how nearly had I been betray'd.
(*Aside.*)

Lau. Speak, my dear youth; When shall we retire to Portugal? We are not safe here.

Via. You know I am not rich.—You must first sell the lands my rival gave you.

Lau. 'Tis done. I have found a purchaser, and to-morrow the transfer will be finish'd.

Via. To-morrow I pray indulge me with the sight of the deed.—Let me take it with me to peruse.

Lau. Most willingly. (*Going.*) No, on reflection, I must refuse that, even to you; it is too precious a deposit for any hands but mine.

Via. Ah, I have now nothing to trust to but the ingenuity of Gasper. (*Aside.*) I have reason to fear Don Carlos had not the right in that estate which you have suppos'd.

Lau. No, banish fears so ill founded.—It was his wife's estate, the dowry which she brought him.—But what can have given you suspicions of the validity of that deed?

Via. A conversation with Juan, his steward—who assures me his master never had an estate in Leon.

Lau. Never! what not by marriage?

Via. Juan says so.

Lau. My blood runs cold.—Can I have taken pains to deceive myself? con'd I think so, I shou'd run mad.

Via. Those doubts may soon be annihilated, or confirm'd to a certainty.—I have seen Don Sancho, the uncle to Victoria; he is now in Madrid. You told me, he once profess'd a passion for you.

Lau. Oh, to excess! but at that time I had another object.

Via. Have you convers'd with him much?

Lau. I never saw him nearer than my balcony! where he us'd to ogle me thro' a glass, suspended by a ribband, like an order of knighthood.—He is weak enough to fancy it gives him an air of distinction.—But where can I find him; I must see him.

Via. Write him a billet, and I'll send it to his lodgings.

Lau. Instantly.—Dear Victoria, a new prospect opens to me: Don Sancho is rich, and generous, and by playing on his passions, without yielding to them, his fortune may be a constant fund to us.—I'll dip my pen in flattery. [*Exit Laura.*]

Via. Base woman! how can I pity thee, or regret the steps which my duty obliges me to take? For myself, I wou'd not swerve from the nicest line of rectitude—nor wear the shadow of deceit.—But for them, is there a parental heart, that will not pardon me? [*Exit.*]

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Don Cezar's House.

Enter Olivia, and Minette.

Olivia. Well, here we are in private.—What is this charming intelligence which thou wert so full of this morning?

Minette. Why, madam, as I was in the balcony, that overlooks Don Vasquez's gardens Donna Marcella beckon'd me to come to her in the house, and then she told me that Don Cezar had last night been to pay her a visit, previous to their marriage, and——

Olivia. Their marriage! How can you give me this intelligence with such a look of joy? Their marriage! what will become of me?

Minette. Dear ma'am, if you will but have patience.—She says that Don Cezar and her are perfectly agreed:—

Olivia. Still with that smirking face?—I can't have patience.

Minette. Then, ma'am, if you won't let me tell you the story—please to read it.—Here's a letter from Donna Marcella.

Olivia. Why didn't you give it me at first. (Reads.)

Minette. Because I didn't like to be cut out of my story. If spectators were obliged to come to the point at once—mercy on us, what tropes and figures we should lose!

Olivia. Oh, Minette! I give you leave to smirk again? Listen. (Reads.) "I am more terrified at the idea of becoming your father's wife than you are in the expectations of a step-mother: and Don Cezar, would be as loath as either of us.—He only means to frighten you into matrimony, and I have on certain conditions agreed to assist him, but whatever you may hear, or see, be assur'd nothing can be so impossible as that he should become the husband of Donna Marcella." Oh, delightful girl! how I love her for this.—

Minette. Yes, madam; and if you had patience, I should have told you, she's now here with Don Cezar in great debate, how to begin the attack, which must force you to take shelter in the arms of a husband.

Olivia. Ah, no matter how they begin it.—Let them amuse themselves in raising batteries; my reserv'd fire shall tumble them about their ears, in the moment my poor father is singing his 1-o's for victory.—In short now, I know I am sure of Marcella, he shall not get me to stir a foot.—I'll be more obstinate than ever, till he brings me the man I wish; and then he shall find me as obedient as—but here comes the lovers.—Well,

I protest now sixteen and sixty, is a very comely sight.—Tis contrast gives effect to ev'ry thing.—Lad, how my father ogles! I had no idea he was such a sort of man.—I'm really afraid he isn't quite so good as he shoud be.

Enter Don Cezar, leading Marcella.

Cezar. He—m—m, madam, look very placid; we shall discompose her, or I am mistaken.—So, Olivia—Here's Donna Marcella, come to visit you; tho', as matters are, that respect was due from you.

Olivia. I am sensible of the condescension.—My dear ma'am, how very good this is. *(Taking Marcella by the hand.)*

Cezar. Yes, you'll think yourself wonderfully oblig'd, when you know all. *(Aside.)* Pray, Donna Marcella, what do you think of those apartments? The furniture, and decorations, are my daughter's taste.—Wou'd you wish them to remain as they are, or will you give orders to have them chang'd?

Marcella. Chang'd, undoubtedly: I can have nobody's taste grace my apartments but my own.

Cezar. Oh, that touches.—See how she looks, *(aside.)* They shall receive your orders.—You understand, I suppose, from this, that every thing is fix'd on between Donna Marcella and me?

Olivia. Yes, sir: I understand it perfectly, and it gives me infinite pleasure.

Cezar. Eh! pleasure?

Olivia. Entirely, sir.

Cezar. Tol, tol, de!—Aye, that woud do? you can't hide it; you are frighten'd out of your wits at the thoughts of a mother-in-law, especially a young, gay, handsome one.

Olivia. Pardon me, sir, the thought of a mother-in-law, was, indeed, disagreeable, but her being young, and gay, qualifies it.—I hope, ma'am, you'll give us balls, and the most spirited parties. You can't conceive how stupid we have been.—My dear papa hates those things: But I hope now——

Cezar. Hey, hey, hey! What is the meaning of all this?—Why, hussy, don't you know that you have no apartments but the garret.

Olivia. That will benefit my complexion, sir, by mending my health.—Tis charming to sleep in an elevated situation.

Cezar. Here, here's an obstinate perverse flat!

Olivia. Bless me, sir, are you angry that I look forward to your marriage?

Cezar. Yes, I am—yes—I am—You ought to murmur, and you ought to—to—to—

Olivia.

Olivia. Dear me! Blind love, taken up late in life, has a bad effect on the temper.—I wish, my dear papa, you had felt the influence of Donna Marcelle's charms somewhat sooner.

Cesar. You do—you do? Why, this must be all put on—this can't be real.

Olivia. Indeed—indeed it is.—And I protest your engagement with this lady has given me more pleasure than I have ever felt, since you began to tease me about a husband.—You seem to be determin'd to have a marriage in the family; and I hope now I shall live in quiet with my dear sweet mother-in-law.

Cesar. Oh, oh! (*walking about.*) Was there ever—she does not care for a mother-in-law—can't frighten her.

Olivia. Sure my fate is very peculiar, that being pleas'd with your choice, and submitting with humble duty to your will, should be cause of offence.

Cesar. Hush! I don't want you to be pleas'd with my choice.—I don't want you to submit—you rebel.—You are—you are—But I'll mortify that wayward spirit yet.

[Exit Don Cesar and Marcelle.]

Minette. Well, really my master is in a piteous passion.—He seems more angry at your liking his marriage, than at your refusing to be married yourself.—Wou'dn't it have been better, madam, to have affected discontent?

Olivia. To what purpose? but to lay myself open to fresh solicitations, in order to get rid of the evil I pretended to dread. Bless us! nothing can be more easy than my father to be gratified, if he were but lucky in the choice of a lover.

Minette. As much as to say, ma'am, that there is—

Olivia. Why yes, as much as to say—I see you're resolv'd to have my secret, Minette, and so—

Enter a Servant.

Servant. There is a gentleman at the door, madam, call'd Don Julio De Melchior.—He waits on you from Don Vincentio.

Olivia. Who, Don Julio? It cannot be.—Art thou sure of his name?

Servant. The servant repeated it twice.—He's in a fine carriage, and seems to be a nobleman.

Olivia. Conduct him hither. (*Exit Servant.*) I'm astonish'd! I cannot see him.—I wou'd not have him know the incognito to be Olivia for worlds.—There is but one way. (*Aside.*) Minette, ask no questions, but do as I order you.—Receive Don Julio in my name.—Call yourself the niece of Don Cesar; and, on no account, suffer him to believe you are any thing else.—I am

FOR A HUSBAND

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amazed and confus'd! It is impossible he can have discover'd me.—Perhaps he comes with offers from my father.—Then, my interview with him last night did not give him those impressions I hop'd.—I am jealous of myself.—It is so; his incognito shall never pardon a passion for the daughter of Don Cezar.

[Exit Olivia.]

Minette. So then, this same new lover, whom she is determin'd to disgust—and fancies that making me pats for her will complete it.—Perhaps her ladyship may be mistaken thoughts. *(Looking.)* Upon my word, a sweet man.—Oh, lud! my heart beats with the very idea of his making love to me, even tho' he takes me for another.—Stay, I think he shan't find me here.—Standing in the middle of the room, gives one's appearance no effect.—I'll enter upon him with an easy swish, or an engaging trip, or a—something that shall strike. The first glance is every thing.

[Exit Minette.]

Enter Julio, preceded by a Servant, who retires.

Julio. Not here! The ridiculous dispute between Garcia and Vincentio gives me inconceivable curiosity.—Tho', if she be the character Gracia describes, I expect to be cuff'd for my impertinence.—Here, she comes!—a pretty little smiling girl, faith, for a vixen.

Enter Minette.

Min. Sir, your most obedient humble servant. You are Don Julio De Mieleuna—I am extremely glad to see you, sir.

Julio. A very courteous reception!—You honor me infinitely, madam.—I must apologize for waiting on you, without a better introduction.—Don Vincentio promis'd to attend me, but a concert call'd him to another part of the town at the moment I propos'd to come hither.

Minette. A concert—Yes, sir, he is very fond of music.

Julio. He is, madam.—You, I suppose, have a passion for that charming science?

Minette. Oh, yes; I love it mightily.

Julio. That is lucky! *(aside.)* I think I have heard Don Vincentio say, that your taste that way is peculiar: You are fond of a—faith, I can hardly speak it, *(aside.)* of a Jews-harp.

Minette. A Jews-harp—mercy! what, do think a person of my birth and figure, can have such fancies as that? No, sir; I have fiddles, french-horns, labors, and all the cheerful, noisy instruments in the world.

Julio. *(Aside.)* Vincentio must have been mad; and I am as mad as he to mention it.—Then you are fond of concerts;

Minette. Doat on 'em.—I wish he'd offer me a ticket.

(*Aside.*)

Julio. Vincentio is clearly wrong.—Now to prove how far the other was right, in supposing her a vixen.

(*Aside.*)

Minette. There's a grand public concert to be to-morrow; pray, then, do you go?

Julio. I believe I shall have that pleasure, madam.

Minette. H—o—o— My father, Don Cezar, won't let me purchase a ticket. I think it very hard.

Julio. Pardon me; I think it perfectly right.

Minette. Right! what to refuse me a trifling expence to procure me a great pleasure?

Julio. Yes, doubtless.—The ladies are too fond of pleasures. I think Don Cezar is exemplary.

Minette. Lord, sir, you'd think it very hard, if you were me, to be lock'd up all your life, and know nothing of the world, but what you could catch thro' the bars of your balcony.

Julio. Perhaps I might; but, as a man, I am convinced 'tis right. Daughters and wives shou'd be equally excluded from those destructive haunts of dissipation.—Let them keep to their embroidery, nor ever presume to shew their faces, but at their own fire-side.—This will bring out the Xantippe finely.

(*Aside.*)

Minette. Well, sir; I don't know—to be sure home, as you say, is the fittest place for women.—For my part, I cou'd live forever at home: I delight in nothing so much as sitting by my father, and hearing his tales of old times;—and I fancy when I have a husband, I shall be better pleas'd to sit, and listen to his stories of the present times.—I am determin'd he shall have his way; who knows what may happen.

(*Aside.*)

Julio. By all the powers of caprice, Garcia is as wrong as the other. (*Aside.*) Perhaps your husband, fair lady, wou'd not chuse to amuse you.—Men have a thousand delights that call them abroad; and probably your chief amusement wou'd be, counting the hours of his absence, and giving a tear to each, as it pass'd.

Minette. Well, he shou'd never see 'em, however.—I wou'd always smile when he enter'd; and if he found my eyes red, I'd say I had been weeping over the unfortunate damsel, whose true-love hung himself at sea—and appear'd to her afterwards in a wet jacket.—Sure this will do.

(*Aside.*)

Julio. I'm every moment more astonish'd. (*Aside.*) Pray, madam, permit me a question, tho' I cannot doubt it.—Are you really Donna Olivia, the daughter of Don Cezar, to whom

FOR A HUSBAND.

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Don Garcia and Don Vincentio had lately the honor of paying their addresses?

Minette. I Donna Olivia? ha, ha, ha! What a question! Pray, sir, is this my father's house? Are you Don Julio?

Julio. I beg your pardon; but confess I had heard you describ'd as a lady, who had not quite so much sweetness as—

Minette. Oh, what; you heard that I was a termagant. I suppose? 'Tis all slander, sir.—There's not in Madrid, tho' I say it, a sweeter temper than my own; and tho' I have refus'd a good many lovers, yet if one was to offer himself that I cou'd like—

Julio. You'd take pity and reward his passion?

Minette. I shou'd.

Julio. How charming is this frankness! 'Tis a little odd tho'.

(*Aside.*)

Minette. Why; I believe I shou'd take pity;—for it always seems to me very hard-hearted, to be cruel to a lover that one likes; because, in that case, one shou'd—a—you know, sir, the sooner the affair is over, the better for both parties.

Julio. What the dence does she mean? Is this Garcia's sour fruit?

Camar. (*without.*) Olivia, Olivia!

Minette. Bless me, I hear my father; now, sir, I have a particular fancy that you shou'd not tell him, in this first visit, our design.

Julio. Madam! our design!

Minette. That you, if you shou'd see him, as you will, not to speak out, till we have had a little farther conversation; which I'll take care to give you an opportunity for, very soon.—Now, pray, pray, Don Julio, go.—If he asks who you are, you may say, you came on a visit to my maid.

Julio. I thank you, madam—for my dismissal.—I never was in such peril in my life.—I believe she has a licence in her pocket—a priest in her closet, and the ceremony by heart.

(*Aside.*)

[Exit Don Julio, and Minette.]

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

A BOLD STROKE.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Don CARLOS's House.

Don Carlos *discovers* a writing.

Carlos, *(tearing the papers.)* 'T is in vain I—language cannot furnish me with terms to soften the horrid transaction. Could Victoria see the compunction of my soul, her gentle heart wou'd pity me. But what then? she is ruin'd! my own Villainy is that *most* amiable one, has made me unfit to live.—I am a wretch who ought to be blotted from society.

Enter Pedro.

Pedro. Sir, sir.

Carlos. Well.

Pedro. Sir, I have just met Don Florio; he ask'd if my mistress was at home: So I guess he is going to our house, and so I ran to let you know, for I love to keep my promise; tho' I'm deadly afraid of some mischief.

Carlos. 'Tis very well; go home, and wait for me at the door, and admit me without a noise; at least, I shall have the pleasure of revenge.—I'll punish that harlot, by sacrificing her paramour in her arms; and then, oh!

(Exit Carlos.)

SCENE II.

Laura's Apartment.

Enter Victoria.

Vic. Oh, fortunate beyond my hopes! Laura has labour'd to deceive herself; her avaricious eagerness to fix Don Sancho here, has made deceit almost unnecessary.—But here she comes.—Now, Gaspar, play well thy part, and save Victoria.

(Retires.)

Enter Laura, with parchment in her hand, and Gaspar, dressed as Sancho.

Gasper. And is it possible, that I have been impos'd on.—This is the deed by which Don Carlos pretended to make that estate mine for ever.

(Gasper.)

Gasper. Dissembling rogue! to bribe you with fictitious titles to my lands.—He an estate in Leon—why, madam, he has not enough to give shelter to a field-mouse.

Laura, (aside.) If it is so, the villain I employed was his creature; the reluctance of Carlos all art:—And whilst I believ'd myself undoing him, was dup'd myself.

Gasper. Could you suppose I'd give him such an estate as that, for running away with my niece? No, no; the vineyard, and corn-fields, and the woods of Resalva, are not for him, I've somebody else in my eye, observe, to give those to.—Can't you guess who it is?

Laura. No, indeed.—He gives me a glimmering that saves me from despair. *(Aside.)*

Gasper. Why, they are for a pretty lady, of your acquaintance.—No, no; not you, not you—Go you naughty thing you.

Laura. Really, Don Satcho—

Gasper. I won't tell who they are for, unless you bribe me; won't, indeed. *(Kisses her cheek.)* There, now I'll tell you—They are all for you! Yes, the estate which you have taken such a fancy to, shall be yours: I'll give you the deeds, if you'll promise to love me, you little cruel thing.

Enter Victoria.

Vic. Now, on this depends my fate!

Laura. Are you so noble; thus I tear to atoms his detested name! *(Hurling the deed.)* As I tread on these, so I'd tread on his heart. *(Treads papers under foot.)* My children are sav'd!

Laura (apart.) Oh, Florio! 'tis as thou say'd'st—Carlos is a villain, and deceiv'd me.—Why this strange air: ah, I see the cause; you think me ruin'd, and will abandon me.—Yes, I see it in thy averted face; thou durst not meet my eyes: If I misjudge thee, speak.

Vic. Laura, I cannot speak.—You little guess the emotions of my heart; heaven knows I pity you.

Laura. Pity; oh, villain! has thy love already reach'd the form of pity; base, deceitful—

Carlos. Stand off—loose your weak hold; I'm come for vengeance. *(Carlos enters.)* Where is this youth? where is the blooming rival for whom I have been betrayed?—Hold me not, base woman; 'tis in vain the stripling flies me; far, by heavens, this sword shall in his bosom, and right its master's wrongs.

(Victoria advances towards him, pulling off her hair.)

Vic. Strike it here!—Plunge it deep into that bosom, slightly wounded by a thousand stabs, keener and more painful

than your sword can give.—Here lives all the gnawing anguish of love betrayed! here lives the pang of disappointed hopes, sanctified by earliest vows, which have been written in the book of heaven. Hail, he sinks—*(He dies and supports him.)*
Oh, my Carlos! my beloved husband! forgive my too severe reproaches; thou art dear yet, dear as ever to Victoria's heart.

Carlos. Oh, you know not what you do!—You know not what you are!—*Oh, Victoria! you are a beggar—*

Vic. No, we are rich,—we are happy.—See there the fragments of that fatal deed, which had I not recovered, we had indeed been undone; yet still not wretched, could my Carlos think so.

Carlos. The fragments of the deed, which that base woman—

Vic. Speak not so harshly.—To you, madam, I fear I seem reprehensible; yet, when you consider my duties as a wife, and as a mother, you'll forgive me.—Be assur'd, no pang of poverty awaits you.

Laura. Is this real? Can I be awake?

Vic. Oh, may I thou, indeed, awake to virtue:—Nature has given you talents which might grace the highest of our sex. Be no longer unjust to such precious gifts, by burying them in dishonour. Virtue is our first, most awful duty.—Bow, Laura, bow before her throne, and mourn in ceaseless tears, that ever you forget her heavenly precepts.

[Exit Carlos, Victoria, and Gaspar.]

Laura. Monster! but thou knowest me not.—Revenge is sweeter to my heart, than love; and if there is law in Spain to gratify that passion, your virtue shall have another field for exercise.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

Enter Minetto.

Minetto. Oh, here comes the man at last, after I have been fannering about his lodgings these two hours, and more.—Now, if my scheme takes, what a happy person I shall be! And sure, as I was Donna Olivia to-day, to please my lady, I may be Donna Olivia to-night, to please myself.—I'll address him as the maid of a lady, who has taken a fancy to him; then carry him to her house,—then retire, and come again with a vast deal of confusion! Confess I sent my maid for him.—If he should dislike my forwardness, the censure will fall on my lady; if he should be pleas'd with my person, the advantage will be mine:—But, perhaps he's come here on some wicked frolic or other. I'll watch him at a distance, before I speak.

[Exit Minetto.]

Enter Julio from the top.

Julio. Not here, I tell you, she gave me last night but a slight denial; and I had a right, by all the rules of gallantry, to construe that into an assent:—then she's a jilt!—hang her, I tell you I'm uneasy.—The first woman that ever gave me pain.—I am ashamed to perceive that this spot has attractions for me only, because it was here I contriv'd with her. 'Twas here the little syren, conscious of her charms, unveil'd her fascinating face—'twas here.

Enter Garcia and Vincentio.

Garcia. There he is, at last.

Vincen. Hey, Julio!

Julio. I'd wish you'd be so civil to retire now: I'm indulging meditation,

Garcia. On a wench, for a hundred ducats. Who is she?

Julio. Not Donna Olivia, gentlemen; not Donna Olivia.

Garcia. We have been seeking you, to know the event of your visit to her.

Julio. The event has prov'd, that you have been most grossly dup'd.

Vincen. I knew that, ha, ha, ha!

Julio. And you likewise, (to Garcia,) I know that. Which is the finest gentleman?

Garcia. What do you mean?

Julio. That the fine lady, so far from being wizen, is the very essence of gentleness: To me, so much sweetness in a wife would be downright maukish. I like the little prattle which flows from quick spirits, and a consciousness of power.—One may as well marry a looking-glass, as a woman who constantly reflects back your own sentiments, and our own whims.

Garcia. Pho, pho; this is playing at cross-purposes. Let us all go to Don Cezar's together, and compare opinions on the spot.

Vincen. Aye, let us; and if I don't see you both cover'd with confusion, for this error of yours.

Julio. Ridiculous! I'll go most willingly; but it will be only to cover you both with confusion, for being the men in Spain, the most easily impos'd upon.

Enter Minette.

Minette. Gentlemen, my lady has sent me for one of you.—Pray which of you is it.

Julio. Me, without doubt, child.

Minette. I don't know that.

Garcia. Look at me my dear—don't you think I'm the man!

A BOLD STROKE

Minette. Let me see.—Well made, a good air, you are the man for a dancer. *(to Garcia.)* Well dress'd, and nicely put out of hand.—*(To Vincentio.)* You are the man for a band-box, handsome and bold.—*(to Julia.)* You are the man for my la-

Julia. My dear little bird here's all the gold in my pocket:—Gentlemen, I wish you a good-night: I am your very obedient humble servant.

Garcia. Pho, prithee don't be a fool. Are we not going to Donna Olivia's?

Julia. Donna Olivia must wait, my dear boy.—We can decide about her to-morrow.—Come along, my little dove of Venus, come along.—*[Exit Julia, and Minette.]*

Vincenzo. Good-night.—He'll play the first fiddle there.

Garcia. What a rash fellow: 'tis ten to one but this is some common business.—You'll be rob'd, and murder'd.—They take him for a stranger.

Vincenzo. Let us follow, and see where she leads him.

Garcia. That's hardly fair; however, as I think there's danger, we will follow.—*[Exit Garcia and Vincenzo.]*

SCENE IV.

Don Cezar's House.

Enter Olivia, follow'd by a Servant.

Olivia. Bring my veil, and follow me to the Prado.—*[Exit Servant.]*

Julio will certainly be there.—He has too much breeding not to construe my positive denial into consent.—At least I must convince myself.—If I see him completely vanquish'd, I can, by the most unlucky chance in the world, drop a card with my name, and then all the rest follow in course. *[Exit.]*

Enter Minette and Don Julio.

Minette. There, sir; please to sit down, till my lady is ready to wait on you. She won't be long, I'm sure.—She is out, and may do great things before she returns. *(Aside.)* *[Exit Minette.]*

Julio. Through fifty dark lanes, a long garden, and a narrow stair-case, into superb apartments: all that's in the regular way.—As the Spanish women manage it, one intrigue is too much like another; whilst the sprightly dames of Paris have the art of giving the same intrigue every day a new way.—Now presently comes a stately dame, with a veil on.—She tells

me, she fears I have but a slight opinion of her virtue.—I make her an answer about her beauty, and after a dozen or two of intreaties and denials, off comes the veil.—A fat matron, perhaps of forty, I swear she is: Hebe.—She thinks me very obliging, and I find her very grateful: And this is the epitome of half the amours of Madrid.—If it was not now and then, for the little fillips of a jealous husband or brother, which obliges me to leap from a window, or crawl like a cat along the gutters, there would be no bearing the fatigue.—Ha, this promises novelty!—a young girl, and an old man's wife or daughter. They are coming this way, my lovely incognita, by all that's propitious!—Why did not some kind spirit whisper to me my happiness?—But hold,—She can't mean to treat the old gentleman with a sight. *(Conceals himself behind a sofa.)*

Enter Don Cezar and Olivia.

Cezar. No, no, madam; no going out.—Give me your veil, that will be useless until you fix it on for life.—There, madam; there's your apartment, your house, your garden, your assembly, till you go to your convent.—Why, how impudent you are to look thus unconcern'd, and can hardly forbear laughing in my face. Very well, madam, very well.

(Exits, and double-locks the door.)

Olivia, (sitting on the sofa.) Ha, ha, ha! I'll be even with you, my dear father, if you treble-lock the door.—I'll stay here two days, without asking for my liberty; and then you'll come, with tears in your eyes, causing me to come out again.—He has forgot that door that goes into the garden. But I vow I'll stay: I can make the time pass pleasantly enough.

Julia, (over the sofa.) I hope so.

Olivia. Heavens and earth!

Julia. My dear creature; why are you so alarm'd? Am I here before you expected?

Olivia. Expected you?

Julia. Off with this pretty surprize.—Come, let us sit down. I think your father was very obliging, to lock us up together.

Olivia, (runs to the door.) Sir, sir, my father!

Cezar, (without.) Aye, 'tis all in vain; I won't come near you. There you are, and there you may stay; I sha'n't return, make what noise you please.

Julia. Why, are you not alarm'd that your father has so much more consideration for your quiet, than you have?

Olivia. How; is it possible he can have discover'd me?

(Aside.)

Julia.

A BOLD STROKE

Julia. Pho, this is carrying the thing farther than you need. If there was a third person, it might be prudent.

Olivia. Why this assurance, Don Julia is really—

Julia. The thing in the world, you are most ready to pardon.

Olivia. Upon my word, I don't know how to treat you.

Julia. Consult your heart.

Olivia. I shall consult my honor.

Julia. Honor is a pretty word to play with, but when spoken with that grave face, after having got your maid to bring me here, is really more than I expected.—I shall be in an ill humour: I won't stay if you treat me thus.

Olivia. Well this is superior to every thing! I have heard that men will slander women privately to each other, 'tis their common amusement: but to do it to one's face—and you really pretend that I sent for you.

Julia. Ha, ha; well, if it obliges you, I will pretend you did not send for me; that your maid did not conduct me hither: nay, that I have not the supreme happiness—*(throwing her arms round her.)*

Enter Minette, screams and runs out.

Donna Olivia De Zuniga—how the devil came she here?

Olivia. That's lucky, *(aside.)* Olivia, Olivia!—my dear friend: why do you run away? Keep the character I charge.

Minette. Oh, dear madam, I was going to—I was so frightened when I saw that gentleman.

Olivia. Oh, my dear, it is the merriest, pretty kind of a gentleman in the world. He pretends I sent my maid for him into the street, ha, ha, ha!

Julia. That's right; always tell a thing yourself, you wouldn't have believ'd.

Minette. 'Tis the readiest excuse for being found in a ladies chamber. Now, will I swear I know nothing of the matter.

(Aside.)

Olivia. Now, I think it a horrid poor one: He has certainly not had occasion to invent excuses for such impudence often, *(aside.)* Tell him that he made love to you to-day.

Minette. I fancy he has had occasion to excuse impertinences often: and I should be glad to hear, what kind of excuse he'll find for that he has been guilty of to me.

Julia. To you, madam?

Minette. Yes, sir, it is but a few hours since you was in my Apartment. I now find you in that of my friend.

Olivia. Bless me, my dear, what do you tell me?

Minette.

Minette. Why, madam, he came to propose himself, and I was oblig'd to run away, to prevent his speaking to my father.

Julio. (*apart.*) To contradict a lady on such an assertion, wou'd be too gross; but upon my word, Donna Olivia is the last woman on earth who cou'd inspire me with a tender idea.—Find an excuse to send her away, my charming angel. I intreat you.—I have a thousand things to say, and the moments are too precious to be given to her.

Olivia. I think so too; but one can't be rude you know.—Come, my dear, sit down.—Have you brought your work?

Minette. I'm sorry to inform you, that my physician has just been sent for to my poor father, Don Cezar; the poor gentleman was seized with a vertigo.

Olivia. Oh, he has them frequently, you know, (*to Minette.*)

Minette. Yes, and they always keep me from his sight.

Julio. Did ever one woman prevent another from leaving her, at such a moment, before? (*Aside.*) I really, madam, can't comprehend —

Don Cezar (*without.*) It is impossible, impossible, gentlemen—gentlemen, Don Julio be here.

Julio. Ha! who's there?

Enter Cezar, Garcia, and Vincentio.

Garcia. There; did we not tell you we saw him enter the garden?

Cezar. What can be the meaning of all this? A man in my daughter's chamber. (*Going to draw.*)

Garcia. Hold, hold, sir; Don Julio is of the first rank in Spain, and will unquestionably be able to satisfy your honor, without troubling your sword.—We have done mischief. (*Aside.*)

Julio. They have been curstly impertinent, but I'll bring you off, never fear, by pretending a passion for your friend there.

Cezar. Satisfy me then, in a moment.—Speak one of you:

Julio. I came here, sir, by the merest accident:—The garden door was open, curiosity led me to this apartment: you came in a moment after, and very civilly lock'd me in with your daughter.

Cezar. Why did you not, like a man of honor, cry out?

Julio. The lady cry'd out, you told her, you wou'd not return: but when Donna Olivia De Zuniga enter'd,—for whom I have conceived a violent passion—

Cezar. A passion for her! Oh, let me hear no more on't—let me hear no more on't.—A passion for her—you may as well entertain a passion for the Hyena.

Garcia. There Vincentio, what think you now?

Vincentio. I'm afraid I must give it up.—But pray support me as to this point.—Don Cezar, is not the lady fond of a Jew's harp?

Cezar. Fond!—She's fond of nothing but playing the vixen:—there's not such another fury upon earth.

Julio. *(aside.)* These are odd liberties, with a person that does not belong to him.

Cezar. I'll play the hypocrite for her no more; the world shall know her true character; they shall know—but ask her and there.

Julio. Her maid!

Minette. Why yes, sir, to say the truth, I am but Donna Olivia's maid; after all.

Olivia. Dear Minette speak, or I am ruin'd. *(Aside.)*

Minette. I will, madam.—I must confess, sir, there never was so bitter a temper'd creature as my lady is.—I have born her humours for two years.—I have seen her by night, and by day: and this I am sure, that if you marry her, you'll rue the day, every hour the first month, and hang yourself the next. There, madam, I have done it roundly now.—

Olivia. I'm undone—I'm caught in my own snare. *(Aside.)*

Cezar. There, Signior, after this I suppose we'll hear no more of your passions: so let me go down, and leave madam to begin her penance.

Julio. My ideas are totally confus'd.—You, Donna Olivia De Zuniga, and the person I thought her maid? Something too flattering darts across my mind.

Cezar. If you have taken a fancy to her maid, I have nothing farther to say.—But as to that violent creature—

Julio. Oh, do not prophane her.—Where is that spirit which you tell me of? Is it that which speaks in modest conscious blushes on her cheeks? Is it that which bends her lovely eyes to earth—

Cezar. Ay, she is only bending them to earth, considering how to afflict me with some new obstinacy. She'll break out like a tygress in a moment.

Julio. It cannot be.—Are you, charming woman, such a creature?

Cezar. Yes, to all mankind but one.

Julio.

Julio. But oh! oh, might that excepted one be me!

Olivia. Would you not fear to trust your fate with her, you have cause to think so hateful.

Julio. No, I'll bless the hour, that joins my fate to hers.—
Permit me, try to pay my vows to this fair vixen.

Cesar. What are you such a bold man as this? pho—but if you are 'twill only be lost time: She'll contrive some way or other, to return your vows upon your hands.

Olivia. If I have your authority, sir, I will return them only with my own.

Cesar. What's that?—What did she say? my head is giddy with surprize!

Julio. And mine, with rapture.

Cesar. Don't make a fool of me, Olivia.—(Half crying.)
Wilt marry him? wilt marry him?

Olivia. When you command me, sir.

Cesar. My dear Julio, thou art my guardian-angel! shall I have a son-in-law, at last? Garcia, Vincentio! could you have thought it?

Garcia. No, sir; if we had, we shou'd have sav'd the lady much trouble: 'tis pretty clear now, why she was a vixen.

Vincentio. Yes, yes, 'tis clear enough.—I beg your pardon, madam, for the share of trouble I gave you; but, pray have the goodness to tell me sincerely, what you think of a crash?

Olivia. I love music, Don Vincentio!—I admire your skill, and whenever you shall give me a concert, I shall be oblig'd.

Vincentio. You cou'd not have pleas'd me so well, if you had married me.

Olivia. Ah, here comes Victoria, and her Carlos. (Enter Carlos, and Victoria.) My friends, you are happy, 'tis in your eyes.—I need not ask the event of this day's business.

Cesar. What, is this Don Carlos, whom Victoria gave us for a cousin? Sir, you come in a happy hour.

Carlos. I am indeed; for I am most happy.

Julio. My dear Carlos, what has made thee thus, since morning?

Carlos. A wife! marry, Julio marry.

Julio. What, this advise from you?

Carlos. Yes; and when you have married an angel, and when that angel has done for you such things, as makes your gratitude almost equal to your love, you may then guess something of what I feel in calling this angel mine.

Olivia.

A BOLD STROKE, &c.

Olivia. Now I trust, Don Julio, after all this, if I shou'd
 88 you the honor of my hand, you'll treat me cruelly—be a
 very bad man, that I like my exemplary cousin—

Julio. Hold, Olivia! It is not necessary that a husband
 shou'd be faulty to make a wife's character exemplary: Shou'd
 he be tenderly watchful of your happiness, your gratitude
 will give a thousand graces to your conduct, whilst the purity
 of your manners, and the nice honor of your life, will gain
 you the approbation of those, whose praise is Fame.

Olivia. Prerogative, and maternally.—Thank you, my dear.—We
 have each struck a Bold Stroke to-day.—Yours has been to
 reclaim a Husband; mine, to get one.—But the most complete
 is yet to be obtain'd—the Approbation of our Judges.

Julio. I will make it my business to be of use to you.
 I will make it my business to be of use to you.
 I will make it my business to be of use to you.
 I will make it my business to be of use to you.

End of the Fifth Act.

Julio. I will make it my business to be of use to you.
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Julio. I will make it my business to be of use to you.
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